

34-a

ORIGINAL POEMS,

ON A
VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

20
33

BY

JAMES ORRELL. K

“ But, alas! my timorous muse,
“ Unambitious tracts pursues;
“ Does with weak unballast wings,
“ About the mossy brooks and springs,
“ Like th’ industrious busy bee,
“ For little drops of honey flee.”

COWLEY.

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PREFACE.

IT is with the utmost diffidence I expose the following poems to the world, conscious of my imperfections, and of the impossibility of giving satisfaction to those who are determined not to be pleased; the apprehension of meeting with scorn, or ridicule, must be very unpleasing to a writer who sincerely endeavours to entertain or instruct; and he who hath studiously avoided giving offence to any, must be disagreeably surprised, to find himself not only the subject of rigid criticism, but perhaps of persons who have nothing but ill-nature to qualify them for judges; as if the real imperfections of a writer, which are evident to the judicious eye, were not sufficient to humble his pride, without being obliged to sustain the cavils of supercilious ignorance: yet an author who hath the temerity to publish his works, may comfort himself with
this

this reflection, that to write, either in poetry or prose, upon any subject, and not meet with censure, hath never yet been the lot of any writer of the most excellent understanding.

These discouraging circumstances, accompanied with the knowledge of the weakness of my abilities, would have been abundantly sufficient to have deterred me from this undertaking; had I not known, at the same time, that there is good nature and candour in the world, and that there are men who view (if I may be permitted the comparison) the firmament of poetry with not the less pleasure, though they are not all suns that adorn it, or stars of the first magnitude.

Writers in general are apt to over-rate their performances, but if they would consider the many excellent works, which have stood the test of ages, and have never failed to fill mankind with the most ravishing pleasure, the difficulty of any attempt of this kind, could not fail to abate the vanity of their presumption, and make them in
the

PREFACE.

the sincerity of humility publish their works, with fear and trembling: for however high an opinion an author may entertain of his works, and think to ensure the esteem of the public by making an ostentatious parade of the abilities he conceives himself possessed of, or by an affected modesty; yet unless there be some real merit in his works, he will find that the praises of his friends, and his own imaginary importance will little avail him.

I confess I should be exceedingly pleased with the approbation of men of true judgment, I could stoop with submission to their censure; for if given with candour it would at least shew me my errors, and consequently would be an acquisition of knowledge, and as such ought to be received with gratitude: and it is well known that men of true learning have seldom disdained to encourage the humble efforts of those, who, although debarred the blessings of a liberal education, have notwithstanding shewn some glimmerings of genius.

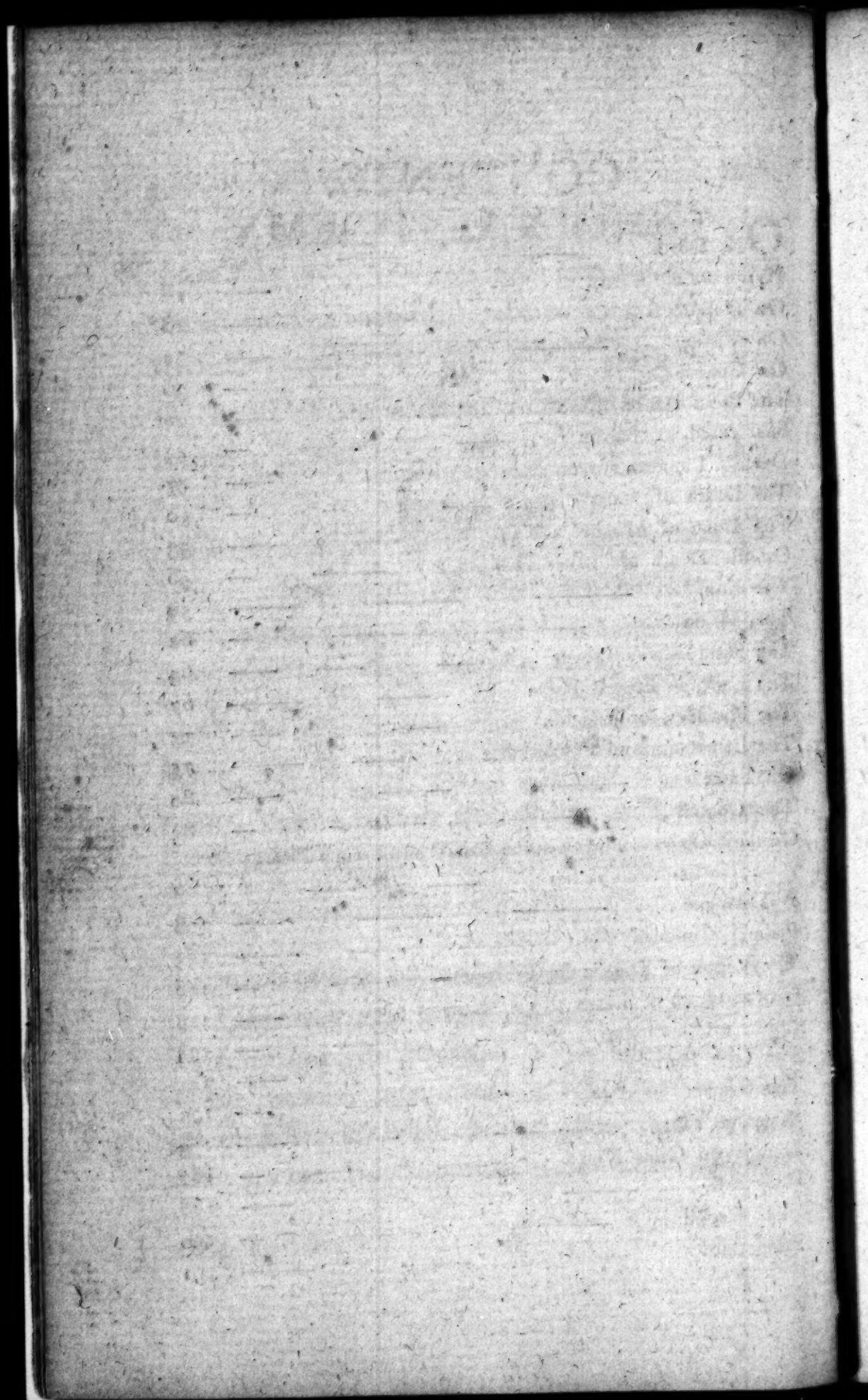
It is an observation of the Abbe du Bos, that the public, sooner or later, appreciate the value of any performance of this nature; and that though the opinion of critics may be different to theirs, yet the public are always in the right, because they judge as they are affected by it, and do feel when they are pleased.

To the public therefore I submit the following poems with all their imperfections, assuring them at the same time, I have done my endeavour that they should not be wholly unworthy their patronage; but if I have been so unfortunate to mistake my abilities, yet the earnest desire I have to please, will I hope, entitle me to a share of their favour.

CON-

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ORIGINAL POEMS.

ON DEATH.

“ O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man who
“ liveth at rest in his possessions, unto the man who hath nothing to
“ vex him, and hath prosperity in all things. O death, acceptable
“ is thy sentence unto the needy, and unto him whose strength
“ faileth, who is now in the last age, and is vexed with all things; and
“ to him who despaireth, and hath lost patience! Fear not the sen-
“ tence of death, remember those who have been before thee, and that
“ come after; for this is the sentence of the Lord over all flesh.”

ECCLUS. xli. 1, 2, 3.

O DEATH, whose stern idea shocks the mind,
And spreads a gen’ral horror o’er mankind!
Thou o’er the world extend’st despotic sway;
To thee the kings of earth their homage pay:
Amidst their pomp thou sound’st the awful doom,
“ March from your thrones, and occupy the
tomb.”

A

Unwelcome

Unwelcome visitant to realms of day,
When sin, thy mighty mother led the way;
Her hideous form th' infernal monster veil'd,
And pleasing smiles her dire intent conceal'd.
O'er ruin'd man th' exulting demon rose,
Sow'd in his heart the seed of human woes:
He felt his mind deprav'd, with passions tost,
His beauty wither'd, and his honours lost;
By her enslav'd, so glorious late, and free,
The vast inheritance devolv'd to thee:
Thy potent voice all living things obey,
And crouch beneath thy universal sway.
Since nature rose to birth, (by heav'n design'd
The great idea of th' omnific mind,)
Thou shew'dst in ev'ry clime, thro' ev'ry age,
One wide devouring inexhausted rage;
The good and great, the warrior high in fame,
And all th' unnumber'd crowds without a name.
All sunk promiscuous in th' oblivious deep,
In thy dark shades involv'd, they silent sleep;
Yet still each dire insatiate arrow flies,
And strikes the generations as they rise.
How short th' allotted space by heav'n assign'd
Between the birth and burial of mankind,
W'are sown, we spring, we flourish, and we fade,
Emerge to light, and hasten to the shade.

Ah!

Ah! where are all the mighty men retir'd?
Whom lust of fame, and wild ambition fir'd;
Are Scipio, Pompey, and Marius fled,
To herd inglorious with the vulgar dead?
Are Joshua, David, Maccabeus gone,
Pyrrhus, and Hannibal, and Priam's son?
Have they entirely left the hero's trade,
T' oppose th' invader, or no more invade?
Will never more their souls with ardour burn,
No! gone indeed, and never to return!

What Alexander, or what Cesar was,
Adds one poor atom to the gen'ral mass;
Whom scarce the wide-extended world could
bound,
Were food for worms, and reptiles of the ground,
As now lies quench'd their wild ambitious lust,
The vulgar trample on their awful dust.

The lofty genius is not spar'd by thee,
For mix'd with common dust great Homer see;
He whose immortal verse, thro' every clime,
Hath spread a glory o'er the wings of time.
Nor could illustrious Newton 'scape thy doom,
Wonder of this, and every age to come;
He who thro' nature cast his piercing eye,
Thought like a God, but as a man did die.

The

Th' Egyptian Pharaohs to thy realms are gone;
 The pamper'd monarchs of proud Babylon,
 And lofty rulers of imperial Rome,
 Stoop'd like their slaves to thy impartial doom;
 Dropt from their thrones, and mix'd with common
 clay,
 Their pride, and pomp for ever past away.

How all are gone! and who their place can find,
 The saviours or the scourges of mankind;
 Alike with thy deep darkness on their eyes
 An Antoninus, or a Nero lies.
 A murderous Richard, cruel, and unjust,
 Sleeps as profound as sacred Alfred's dust;
 Nor heeds the scorn of men in future days,
 Alike unconscious of their curse or praise.

The mighty *Julius' schemes are mix'd with
 wind;
 The bright ideas of the poet's mind,

* Cesar had such talents for great attempts, and so vast an ambition, that the many actions he had performed, by no means induced him to sit down with and enjoy the glory he had acquir'd; they rather whetted his appetite for other conquests, produced new designs equally great, together with equal confidence of success, and inspir'd him with a passion for fresh renown, as if he had exhaulted all the pleasures of the old. This passion was nothing but a jealousy of himself, a contest with himself, (as eager as if it had been with another man) to make his future atchievements outshine the past. In

The

The glowing patriot's love of liberty,
And thirst of fame are swallow'd up in thee.
O'er the past time thy iron hand's display'd,
And low in dust th' unnumber'd millions laid,
Their envy, pride, each tyrant passion's gone,
And all the vanities of life are flown.
What difference, what distinction now is seen,
Betwixt an Æsop, and the Spartan queen ?
Ev'n this whose beauty fir'd the famous Troy,
As that deform'd and odious to the eye.
The man to whom fair science was not known,
Lies great as he who late in learning shone ;
Who stood elate with philosophic pride,
And strove to know what heav'n resolv'd to hide.
Sound o'er the warrior's grave the trumpet sound,
With brazen clamour make the skies rebound.
The sounds once lov'd no more inspire with joys,
Or break th' eternal slumber on his eyes.
Nor more the pains that pierc'd the harass'd slave,
Disturb the gloomy silence of the grave:

this spirit he had formed a design, and was making preparations for war against the Parthians. After he had subdued them, he intended to traverse Hyrcania, and marching along by the Caspian sea and mount Caucasus, to enter Scythia; to carry his conquering arms through the countries adjoining to Germany, then thro' Germany itself; and then to return by Gaul to Rome; thus finishing the circle of the Roman Empire, as well as extending its bounds to the ocean on every side.

Langhorne's translation of Plutarch's Lives, vol. 4, p. 273.

Kings

Kings sleep in peace, the song of flattery o'er,
Th' oppressor's still, th' afflicted weeps no more:
Where worldly pomp and sounding titles fly,
Alike the poor, and rich, the proud, and lowly lie.
See in one blended mass and void of fear,
The conquer'd, neighbours to the conqueror.
Till with fresh vigour from the dust they rise,
When the loud trumpet shakes the rattling skies.
Sudden the scene will change, and to the sight,
Each crime appear, each virtue glow in light,
Aghast the victors from the vanquish'd fly,
And strive in vain to shun the Judge's eye.

High from thy throne, that dark in horror stands,
O'er the wide world thou thunder'st thy commands;
War stands before thee bath'd in human blood,
And wide around thee rolls the sanguine flood;
Thou breath'st the pestilential winds that fly,
And nations at thy feet expiring lie,
Thou laugh'st at human pow'r or wisdom's lore,
And bid'st the boist'rous hero rage no more;
Nor strength o'ercomes, nor swiftness flies from
thee,
Thou cloud'st the shining day of proud prosperity;
The tyrant kings are humbled at thy frown,
Thou dim'st their glory, and o'erturn'st the throne;

Swift

Swift at thy word, the vain distinctions fly,
Crush'd to the dust who lately tower'd on high.
The weak, the strong, the serious, and the gay,
Thy arm with force resistless sweeps away.

Tho' thou victorious dost thy cause maintain,
Still hast thou champions to insure thy reign,
See luxury abridge the narrow span,
The few short days of miserable man;
See vice the gallows build, the passions raise,
And thy dark realms supply a thousand ways;
Ev'n art whose lovely charms all splendid shine,
Shews human power approaching to divine,
To thee assistant she pollutes her mind,
With curious cruelty destroys mankind,
Forges the sword and spear, digs mines profound,
And shapes the tube to give the distant wound:
At her command the poison'd arrow flies,
The deep-mouth'd cannon thunders to the skies,
Fate flies before, destruction on its wings,
Thro' the sing'd air the fiery tempest sings,
As late from Calpe's top with dreadful glare,
On proud Iberia burst the burning war.
When ocean vex'd with storms tumultuous raves,
And heaves to heav'n's high vault her foaming
waves,

And

And down the dire abyſs that gapes below,
The well mann'd fleets precipitately go,
Thy wretched victims rend with groans the ſky,
And whelm'd beneath the world of waters lie.

When thy dread dart o'er ſome good prince
 impends,
Lov'd, and rever'd, whom heav'n in mercy lends,
Ennobled o'er the rulers of mankind,
By all the royal virtues of his mind;
The ſubjects ſtruck with awful horror wait,
In gen'ral ſorrow trembling for his fate.
As late Britannia felt, oppreſt with woes,
At once th' united ſupplications roſe,
To heav'n's high King, who pitying their deſpair,
Reſtor'd the monarch to the people's pray'r.

At thy approach all nature's beauties fade,
O'er the bright eye thou ſpread'ſt a gloomy ſhade;
The nymph with beauty grac'd, of form divine,
At thy command muſt ev'ry charm reſign,
Swift from her face the roſy colour flies,
Companion to the worms, in the cold tomb ſhe lies;
The frantic lover views with wild diſmay,
The jewel of his ſoul become thy prey,
Views the black hearſe, who hop'd the bridal bed,
And all his comfort buried with the dead.

Connubial

Connubial love is cancell'd and destroy'd;
And every sacred tie of friendship void.
Wrapt in thy cold embrace the fire surveys,
His only son, the pleasure of his days,
Quench'd is the vigour of his beaming eyes,
And wither'd age attends his obsequies,
Opprest with years, and pain, to life a slave,
With palsied limbs slow creeping to the grave.
See the fond mother view her darling boy,
His opening mind survey with anxious joy,
As Eden's amaranthus, sweet and gay,
He spreads his infant beauties to the day;
Nor mother's cries, nor innocence can save,
Avert thy stroke, or rescue from the grave.
Each soft endearing action now no more,
The blossom's blasted every hope is o'er:
But cease thy grief, suppress that bitter sigh,
Nor weep, for he hath gain'd immortal joy,
Escap'd temptations that beset the mind,
And all the various vices of mankind,
Perhaps he might have wealth or fame obtain'd,
Thou canst not wish a bliss he hath not gain'd.

The prosperous man who basks in fortune's smile,
Who sees abundance crown his eager toil,
Proud of his wealth, he lifts his lofty eyes,
Surveys his lands, and thus exulting cries,

The clustering grapes hang thick on every vine,
To grace my table with the rosy wine,
The harvest smiles o'er all my wide domain,
Nor can my barns the golden crop contain;
But more, capacious built, shall soon afford,
Sufficient room to lay the precious hoard:
Now festive sports, and mirth, and princely pride,
Await my steps, and court on ev'ry side:
The sun of happiness I rising see,
To gild the coming years with ease and jollity.
Ah! foolish man with pleasing hopes elate,
Whilst frowning o'er thy head impends thy fate,
This night thou shalt thy fair possessions leave,
For God thy soul requires, thy corps the yawning
grave.

The guilty wretch deep pierc'd with deadly fears,
With ten-fold woe, thy dreadful mandate hears,
Th' awaken'd conscience stings, his tortur'd mind,
Nor hope, or aid, from human pow'r can find;
Fierce in his wrath he sees th' Almighty rise,
The thunder in his hands, the lightening in his
eyes;

At once he sees the treasur'd vengeance roll;
And feels the vollied fury in his soul.
Opprest with all thy bitter pains he lies,
Despair and all her ghastly horrors rise;

His

His conscience every sinful act displays,
And fires his soul with hell's approaching blaze.
The muse attempts the dire distress to show,
In vain attempts to tell th' unutterable woe.

Who fancy blifs in wild tempestuous joy,
Their jovial hours in revelry employ ;
Chearful, and gay, they quaff the copious bowl,
Indulge the sense, and brutify the soul ;
At thy approach in native colours see,
Their frantic joys their own deformity ;
Their fleeting pleasures like a cloud so gay,
That gilded with the sun's departing ray,
A while admir'd, then weeps itself away. }
Their time so short, so precious, spent in vain,
To the dark dwellings drop, of misery and pain.

Yet ev'n from thee, inexorable foe,
Thy victims oft gain glory from thy blow,
Dart thro' thy gloomy cloud their piercing rays
And brighten future ages with the blaze ;
Such Codrus, such Epaminondas' fame,
And Wolfe, to Britain ever honour'd name,
He midst the battle's rage undaunted stood,
All pierc'd with shot, and cover'd o'er with blood,
Still at his word the British thunder flies,
Whilst thy dark shades hang heavy on his eyes,

At

At length he faints, and low on earth reclin'd,
 Still his dear country's present to his mind,
 Still hears his sovereign in his last commands,
 And grasps at victory with dying hands.
 Thus in the bloom of life the hero see
 With joy expire, and snatch a grace from thee.

And they, who melting at the orphan's cries,
 Protect and feed, or fit 'em for the skies;
 Support th' oppress'd, maintain fair virtue's laws,
 And snatch the needy wretch from famine's jaws,
 In spite of thee will live;—the page of fame,
 Will give to future times each honour'd name,
 But if from man the sweet remembrance driv'n,
 'Tis wafted to the skies, and register'd in heav'n.

Nor needs the pious man to dread thy power,
 For faith supports him in the trying hour,
 That peace of heav'n that fills his mind with joy,
 Makes all thy formidable terrors fly,
 And heav'n's own glories bright around him shine,
 Mingling with thy fierce pains an extacy divine;
 He leaves the load of pain for pure delight,
 From his dark dungeon leaps, to liberty and light.

Tho' old in years, the wisest man we find,
 Is yet but in an infancy of mind,
 Thou aid'st the soul to break its mortal chain,
 The prospect opens of th' ethereal plain,

It quits, for ever quits, this dark abode,
Of cumberous matter leaves th' unwieldy load,
The corps amidst the mass of matter lies,
Th' unfetter'd spirit seeks its native skies,
Swiftly it moves, the thoughts of man more slow,
That dart to heav'n above, from earth below,
Less swift the sun with his all-cheering ray,
Thro' all his bright dominions shoots the day.

When freed from matter and corruption foul,
What glorious wonders strike the ravish'd soul;
What countless worlds thro' fields ethereal strown,
By him who fills immensity alone;
What solemn scenes, that rush with force combin'd,
In vast ideas on th' astonish'd mind;
The aspiring thoughts ev'n tow'rd the godhead
climb,
Expand to grasp magnificence sublime;
With wonder dumb, and struck with pleasing fright,
In awful pleasure lost, and trembling with delight:
From orb to orb it ranges unconfin'd,
Still knowledge flows o'er all th' enlarging mind,
This thro' eternity its sweet employ,
And ever feels the still increasing joy.

Yet twice hast thou been check'd in thy command,
By great Jehovah's interposing hand,

To

To those bright plains where youth immortal glows,
The tomb eluding holy Enoch rose.
Safe from thy stroke Elijah sprung on high,
And in a fiery chariot scal'd the sky:
None else cou'd e'er thy cruelty assuage,
Nor prayers, nor tears, could ever quench thy rage.
Thy impious hand with hellish frenzy driv'n,
Thou didst lift up to crush the prince of heav'n,
Th' all-glorious God, who left the realms of light,
To rescue mortals from eternal night,
Else on mankind had wrath divine been hurl'd,
He left the courts of heav'n to save a fallen world;
He threw th' unutterable splendors by,
And love divine sate beaming in his eye,
The wondering crowds were at his presence aw'd,
Nor knew the comely form conceal'd the God.
See! on the cross the Lord of nature bleed,
And man ungrateful work th' impious deed,
Hell's hideous fiends survey th' inhuman toil,
O'er their grim features plays th' infernal smile;
View fill'd with venom'd malice frantic joy,
Their great preserver foolish man destroy,
The guilt of all upon him lies alone,
He bears the weight of vices not his own,
The cloud of sorrow overspreads his mind,
Pale on his breast his lovely head's reclin'd;
He faints, earth trembles, Salem nods her spires,
The all-informing spotless soul retires:

Tremendous

Tremendous earthquakes rend the rocking grounds,
The temple trembles, the rent vail resounds,
O'er the black vaulted sky the thunders roll,
And heav'n bred terror sits on every soul;
The saints now leave th' assembly of the just,
Come, and reanimate their sleeping dust,
From their cold graves again to light they rise,
Their friends behold 'em with astonish'd eyes:
Th' affrighted heav'ns the horrid act survey,
At once drew in his light the flaming source of day,
No ray of light no starry glimpe was found;
But one vast solid darkness reign'd around;
Th' eternal Father all his glory shrouds,
And round him rolls th' impenetrable clouds,
Dumb with surprise th' angelic hosts survey,
Th' atrocious deed that mark'd th' accursed day:
Celestial horrors in their bosoms rise,
From the black deed they turn their holy eyes,
Their crowns apart they lay, and sad reclin'd,
In silent sorrow melts each godlike mind:
Thro' heav'n's unnumber'd host th' infection flies,
And pearly tears suffus'd their radiant eyes,
Thro' heav'n's bright plains the streaming sorrows
 flow,
From each majestic monument of woe.

But

But yet not long in thy dark realms he lay,
Nor thy deep horrors on his eyes cou'd stay,
Glorious, divine, victorious o'er his foes,
Sin, hell, and thee, the mighty conqueror rose.
Mankind redeem'd, and purchas'd with his pain,
They die indeed,—eternal life to gain;
To scorn thy power, to hear with smiles their doom,
To cling to him, and triumph o'er the tomb;
To rise the heights of heav'n's august abodes,
To sit enthron'd a god amongst the gods,
The suffering Saviour pointed out the road,
The bright forth-beaming of th' immortal God.
The Prince of heav'n was scorn'd by mortal pride,
And for th' offence of all, th' offended dy'd.

In thy last act the world thou wilt confound,
And spread the wide prodigious slaughter round;
Then thou wilt thy tyrannic actions crown,
And fierce in hell's collected horrors frown,
Thou with decisive stroke in flames array'd,
Wilt with devouring vengeance all invade;
The stately palace, cities, rocks, and woods,
The tow'ring mountains, and the sylvan floods,
And every animal of every kind,
With man their ruler of superior mind,
At once beneath thy fiery glance will fall,
And one majestic horror cover all.

Thou

Thou wilt the artist's beauteous labours hide,
The works of genius, and the pomp of pride,
Nor will one trace of what was so renown'd,
Be 'midst th' unbounded desolation found.

Then will thy horrid empire ever end,
And to thy native hell thou wilt descend,
There thou wilt all th' infernal hosts engage,
In vain, and burn with ineffectual rage;
Thy deeply poison'd darts will pierce each ghost,
And vengeful fiend o'er all the flaming coast,
Whilst stung with pain thou view'st thy subjects lie,
For ever dying, yet forbid to die.

Whilst Jesus leads the race redeem'd the way,
Where heav'n's resplendent kingdoms flame with
day;
The toils of mortal life, their troubles o'er,
Where they will hear thy horrid name no more,
But bright in youth immortal tread the sky,
And feel on golden thrones the plenitude of joy.

H Y M N
TO THE
D E I T Y.

G R E A T king of gods and men supreme alone;
Who sit'st sublime on thy eternal throne,
Clear at one glance of thy all searching eye,
The past, the present, and the future lie:
Whate'er exists, what men or angels see,
Produc'd, preserv'd, and all contain'd in thee;
At once the boundless all thy sight surveys,
With light a thousand worlds thy beamy smile
arrays.

Rejoice ye sons of earth, in heav'nly strains,
The bounteous God, th' eternal parent reigns;
His works declare the ruler of the skies,
Supremely good, all powerful, and all wise,
What muse can soar on so sublime a wing,
To praise th' eternal self-existent king,
His wond'rous works what lofty angel sing?
How he th' almighty king in heav'nly state,
Cloth'd in omnipotence, and arm'd with fate,
With the seraphic and cherubic throng,
Mov'd in refulgent majesty along;

At

At his approach chaotic uproars cease,
The jarring elements are hush'd in peace,
Th' unruly anarchy his pow'r controuls,
O'er night's dark realms his boundless glory rolls.

He form'd the glittering sun, all dazzling bright,
And fill'd his orb with inexhausted light,
Who from his throne in sovereign pomp surveys,
His subject worlds and cheers 'em with his rays.
He bade the moon move through th' ethereal plain,
Queen of the sky, and all her starry train.
The fiery comets too his law obey,
Glaring along th' immeasurable way.
The orbit mark'd for each revolving ball,
The firm foundation, sacred root of all.
He form'd the solid earth, the seas he spread,
And bade each mountain lift its lofty head;
His bounteous hand the spacious woods display'd;
And earth's fair bosom all with flow'rs array'd;
The tribes of beings to existence brings,
And covers all creation with his wings.

When now reveal'd to all th' immortal bands,
His great magnificent idea stands,
His goodness, power, and wisdom unconfin'd,
With holy rapture fill each mighty mind:
Far as th' archangels' keen commanding eye
Extends, they view the glorious wonders lie.
With

With pomp divine, inimitable grace,
Peopled with glitt'ring worlds th' unfathom'd space:
Saw him th' almighty mover give the nod,
And every rolling orb obey the God,
Pursue their course along th' ethereal way,
Move in th' appointed space, receive, or give the
day,
And whilst they view, th' effulgent armies raise,
Th' exulting universal shout of praise;
The bright spectators sing th' almighty cause,
The vast theatre thunders with applause.

Bright from the godhead beams his heav'nly
grace,
And covers all th' immensity of space;
He loves whate'er he made, but vice did rise,
Sprung from the fiends all odious to his eyes.
How dreadful is he when his anger burns,
He hides his face, and all creation mourns :
Ah who can stand his wrath, his look severe,
What mortal man the fiery vengeance bear;
Sudden he hurls the proud aspirer down,
And fainting nature sickens at his frown :
As once from Paran's top his glories bright,
Fill'd the wide heav'n with unpolluted light,
All earth beheld and trembled at the view,
The burning pestilence before him flew,

He

He spann'd the spacious earth, and at his look,
The everlasting mountains dreadful shook,
The deep rais'd its majestic voice on high,
And rose in liquid columns to the sky.

Let all existing beings sound his fame,
And bow with holy reverence at his name.
Ye springs thro' earth that take your secret way,
Then show your crystal bosoms to the day,
As, meandring through the flowery meads you go,
Soft sound his name in murmurs as you flow,

Ye springing flowers, when tepid breezes fly,
That with a thousand colours charm the eye:
Let to his name your odorous sweets arise,
Send the sweet scented incense to the skies.

As o'er the lawn thou dost Favonius spring,
And bear th' ambrosial fragrance on thy wing,
As from thy lap thou shed'st the virgin flowers,
And nature lifts her head exerts anew her powers,
As o'er the plains thou dost in murmurs move,
Soft whisper as thou go'st, the great Creator's love.

Your melting music soft enchanting praise,
Thro' all your groves, ye feather'd nations raise,
And as you sing what your Creator's giv'n,
Uprise on winged winds the melody to heav'n.

Extol

Extol th' eternal monarch of the skies,
Ye eagles, as the azure heav'n you rise;
Spread your strong pinions and display his power,
In regal pomp aloft sublimely tower.
High as you soar your voices higher raise,
And through th' ethereal regions shout his praise.

Ye finny tribes that deep in ocean dwell,
His name through all your liquid kingdoms tell.
Ye howling winds that with tempestuous sweep,
Hurl the torn vessels o'er the roaring deep,
Low fall the towers,—the clouds before you fly,
And cut with fable wings the gloomy sky,
Resound his name, whose awful order brings,
Your furious blasts, and gives the vigour to your
wings.

Ye forked lightnings tell his mighty name,
Ye loud resounding thunders speak his fame:
Ye dire volcanoes let your plaudits rise,
And hurl your burning bowels to the skies:
Thou Etna, to the wicked loud proclaim,
Terrific speak th' avenging Judge's name,
His power alone thy furious rage controuls,
As down thy smoking sides the bright destruction
rolls.

Thou

Thou sun display what thy Creator's giv'n,
Prince of the sky, and ornament of heav'n;
Sing as thou go'st along thy splendid tour,
Through all thy realms the spreading glory pour,
For every being loves thy face to see,
Resound his praise to all, for all look up to thee.
And thou, O moon, that shin'st with milder rays,
Speak as thou mov'st, thy mighty Maker's praise.

Ye hosts of stars that gild th' ethereal way,
Thick sown through all the space his power display:
From all your orbs let heav'nly songs arise,
And with perpetual music fill the skies.

Let all mankind with fervent zeal inspir'd,
Repeat his praise with heav'nly rapture fir'd,
To you for use all creatures he hath giv'n,
Exalted you o'er all, the favourites of heav'n;
Shews you by revelation's light to gain,
Immortal life exempt from grief and pain,
Begin the lofty song, the theme divine,
And imitate the choirs you hope to join.

Ye spirits once in human limbs confin'd,
Lift up your praises to th' eternal mind,
Remov'd from grief, and every human woe,
Your high delights no interruption know.

There

There glows the warrior king with heavenly fire,
Hail royal poet strike the living lyre,
Make with thy lofty song the skies rebound,
'Till angels ravish'd swell th' enchanting sound.
Great son of Amos, raise thy voice aloud,
In grateful strains to thy Creator God;
Let angels see a human soul could rise,
That ev'n on earth was fitted for the skies:
Wake every power of thy majestic soul,
And show the sons of heav'n th' ideas as they roll;
For thou on earth didst raise the lofty song,
Resistless rush'd thy eloquence along,
Which with such powerful energy did shine,
That nations yet unborn will feel the force divine.

Ye mighty angels great Jehovah sing,
Let heav'n's bright courts with glowing anthems
ring,
He bade you spring, and flourish all divine,
And bright in everlasting glory shine:
August he sits before your dazzled sight,
In the full blaze of uncorrupted light.
You saw when fill'd with pride the rebels rose,
And heav'n's Almighty Monarch durst oppose;
You saw 'em whelm'd in agonizing pain,
By great Messiah scatter'd o'er the plain,

When

When he all terrible in anger rode,
 His rolling chariot shook the blest abode,
 Around him wide the roaring thunder's driv'n,
 Peals broke on peals, and crack'd the vaulted
 heav'n;

His aspect stern th' apostate train did view,
 Whilst hissing through them fierce the forky light-
 enings flew;

Terror, despair, confusion fill'd each mind,
 Nor flight avail'd, tho' swifter than the wind;
 Hell hideous gap'd before, destruction pour'd
 behind. }

You saw 'em headlong seek the dark profound,
 And your victorious shouts triumphant rung
 around.

You saw him where confusion all things tost,
 Strow thro' the boundless heav'ns, the starry host:
 The great first cause, who self exists alone,
 This earth his footstool, and high heav'n his throne.
 You see more clear the wonders of his might,
 The truths for ever hid from human sight;
 Tho' great your powers, yet you, ethereal kind,
 Are infinitely short of the great sovereign mind.
 Ye high archangels sound his awful name;
 Ye raptur'd seraphs fill'd with holy flame,
 And lofty cherubim his acts proclaim: }

D

Your

Your voices in one grateful concert raise,
And fill the vast extent of heav'n with praise.

Omniscient being, thou whose glories bright,
O'erpower the human soul with dazzling light,
All perfect mind, who dost all good contain,
Whom human knowledge strives to grasp in vain,
Can man, frail man, thy boundless nature see?
The most extensive mind but gains a glimpse of
thee:

Not ev'n thy vast immensity is known,
To the bright armies that surround thy throne;
How then can worms of earth thy essence scan,
The narrow mind of perishable man:
But yet thou wilt accept, O God, we trust,
Th' imperfect praise of children of the dust.
Who sings thy name should every vice controul,
Be fill'd with perfect purity of soul:
In men and angel minds, thy holy eyes,
At once survey th' ideas as they rise;
How pure should be those thoughts which upward
soar,

And thee, O King omnipotent, adore,
Pure as in virgin glories sprung to fight,
Quick at thy word the new created light,
Pure as the strain in amaranthine bowers
Which to thy name the spotless cherub pours.

Of thee, bright uncreated heav'nly King,
An atom of the dust presumes to sing.
Rash on his feeble pinions strives to soar,
To worlds on high, and truths divine explore:
Forgive my mortal pride, but O inspire,
My longing soul with thy celestial fire,
That if admitted to the realms on high,
To taste th' unfading pleasures of the sky,
I may with perfect purity proclaim,
In strains divine thy ever glorious name;
There feel th' extatic sweets of poesy,
Perfect, divine, its source and object thee:
There in the regions of eternal day,
To thee, *Elohim*, pour th' unutterable lay.

HAPPINESS.

IMAGE of God, auspicious queen of joy,
Creation's golden crown, felicity :
Thy sov'reign beauty charms each longing eye,
The whole extent of being worships thee.

Thou once on earth didst fix thy peaceful reign,
And man in sweet simplicity of soul,
Drank the full draughts of heav'nly blifs serene,
Wing'd with delight the golden hours did roll.

The new-made earth did then resemble heav'n;
And man all pure th' Almighty Maker made,
And thou array'd in innocence wast giv'n,
Bright o'er his mind, thy full effulgence play'd.

Whilst thus thou held'st thy charming sway, arose
An horrid monster from the realms of night,
An hideous name, 'twas sin, the source of woes,
Away thou fled'st, affrighted at the sight.

Where didst thou go, where art thou to be found?
Come, let us search, our labour will be paid,
Tho' we should wander the wide world around,
If once we grasp the dear delightful maid.

Dost

Dost thou not live in great ambition's mind,
Elate with hope to mount the dazzling throne?
No, sweet companion of th' angelic mind,
He knows thee not, or knows thy name alone.

In search of thee the world's great conquerors flew,
From clime to clime, and spread destruction
round,
Mankind they butcher'd, yet no happier grew,
For thee the illustrious robbers never found.

Dost thou with power and kingly office dwell?
The cares of monarchs fright thee far away,
Or dost thou live within the homely cell?
With poverty and want thou canst not stay.

Ev'n each of middle station from thee flies,
They something unenjoy'd at distance see;
Imaginary wants for ever rise,
And thou with craving wishes canst not be.

Dost thou with wine and revelry appear,
Where quick succeeding sparkling glasses fly?
No, heav'nly goddess, thou art never near,
The laugh sardonic, the distemper'd joy.

Doth not the virtuous feel thy cheering ray?
Yes, they by virtue gain a glimpse of thee,

But

But human nature will not let thee stay,
Corrupt and loaded with infirmity.

Sweet maid, who nor in courts, or camps art found,
With gloomy poverty, or gaudy pride;
Thro' ev'ry rank in vain we search around,
Ah! where, dear goddess, where dost thou abide?

Ah, hide thee not for ever from our sight!
Bestow one ray to guide to thy abode,
Where we may find thy ever perfect light,
Shine by the throne of all creation's God.

Till sin that clogs the heart is purg'd away,
Thou in our souls wilt never, never reign,
Thy glories never o'er our spirits play,
Whilst any specks of the vile stains remain.

Infernal monster, vice deform'd as hell,
Contempt and scorn, and stern adversity,
The persecutor's faggot, tortures fell,
Disease, and death, are fair compar'd to thee.

In vain we search, in vain we make our moan,
Whilst sin's deep darkness wraps each clouded
mind;

In vain we search the cottage or the throne,
No peace of soul, no happiness we find.

High

High seated in thy native skies, sweet maid,
No more thy presence cheers this earthly ball;
Thou canst not be where sin's black streams hath
spread,
And with a poisonous deluge cover'd all.

Involv'd in stygian night we hopeless stand,
Ah! see the star of Nazareth arise,
And send its beams o'er all the darken'd land,
And point the way to our desiring eyes.

And did th' effulgence of th' eternal mind,
Man to redeem, his radiant mansions leave?
Yes, for the stain was of such baleful kind,
None but th' offended could th' offender save.

Now let us lift our sad despairing eyes,
And view the shocking scene that gives us joy;
On Calvary's top, the glory of the skies,
He hangs a bleeding spectacle on high.

Our sinful hearts wash'd with the sacred gore,
That reeks fast flowing from his snowy side,
Brings us to where the goddesses fled of yore,
To fields of light determin'd to abide.

A second Eden blooms for ever gay,
No dreadful demon with infectious breath,
Dares

Dares to pollute th' ambrosial gales that play,
By offering life to sow the seeds of death.

If from the foul pollution cleans'd, nor more
W'are stain'd with sin, but purity maintain;
On wings of faith we shall triumphant soar,
And find our long lost happiness again.

Then wilt thou radiant queen appear to fight,
Earth's ransom'd nations all be crown'd by thee,
With inexhausted scenes of new delight,
Thro' all the rounds of vast eternity.

VIRTUE.

O VIRTUE, charming maid, to thee I fly,
Daughter of heav'n, eternal spring of joy.
The balm of life that sweetens all our toils,
Gladdens each heart, and spreads each face with
smiles;

Who worships thee nor fear, nor danger knows,
But stands secure amidst an host of foes;
Thy look serene adorns the blest abodes,
Gives lustre to the skies, and beauty to the gods.
Should

Should Jove let loose his vengeance from on high,
And red destruction deluge o'er the sky;
Heap worlds on worlds, crush every shining ball,
And one wide gaping ruin swallow all;
Amidst the dreadful storm thou still would'st shine,
Thro' thickest darkness shoot thy light divine,
Would'st from the general wreck uninjur'd rise,
In genuine glory to thy native skies.
Unchang'd, eternal, glorious, great and free;
Hail! co-existent with the deity:
Ere faith began, and when its reign is o'er,
Ere suns did shine, and when they shine no more;
Thou wert, and wilt be, thy unfullied rays
Gild the wide heav'ns with one unclouded blaze:
There in full glory thou erect'st thy throne,
On our dark planet shed'st thy radiance down;
Where'er the clime, thy presence godlike shows,
'Midst Afric's burning heats, or Lapland snows;
Thou bright in Pagan, Turk, or Jew dost shine,
Th' enlighten'd Christian feels thy force divine;
To him the heav'n-directing word is giv'n,
The manna of the mind, and treasury of heav'n.

Th' illustrious Joseph, foremost in thy train,
With wanton beauty was assail'd in vain:
He saw thy brighter charms of heav'nly kind,
And kept for thee his unpolluted mind.

E

Thy

Thy Socrates unconscious of a crime,
O'er his mean, vicious judges tower'd sublime,
The sage by all mankind admir'd, and blest,
Appears in all thy richest glories drest,
A bright example to posterity,
The glorious martyr shines to truth and thee;
He fell, and gain'd a never dying fame,
And Brutus finds thee not an empty name.
Drest in thy charms the great Confucius smil'd,
Whilst in thy cause the noble champion toil'd,
He shew'd how vice the sons of men destroys
And thy bright paths which give th' exalted joys.

Who vain with wealth, intoxicate with power,
All droop, and sicken, in th' afflicting hour:
But thou without or wealth or power canst raise,
The drooping mind and charm the strong disease:
Thou bidst 'em lift to happier worlds their eyes,
And thro' the gates of death to life immortal rise

Lov'd, or rever'd, thro' all the boundless all,
By each inhabitant of every ball;
Thou charm'st all mortal and immortal eyes,
The hosts of hell, and armies of the skies:
E'en vice, thy utter enemy, admires,
Collects its darknefs, and abash'd retires.

Thou

Thou bright unfullied beam of heav'nly light,
That chasest from the mind the clouds of night:
Thou dost the furious passion's rage controul,
And giv'st the calm serenity of soul;
Warm'd and inspir'd by thee, this earthly clod,
Doth yet retain some likeness of the God.

If o'er thy servant keen misfortunes spread,
And the black tempest settles on his head;
If venom'd shafts of malice round him fly,
And slander's poison'd arrow hisses by.
Though deep the gloom to vulgar eyes appears,
Thy beamy light with heav'nly comfort cheers:
And as the sun in lasting splendor bright,
Thro' all his vast dominions show'rs his light,
Some intervening planet stops his ray,
Veils his refulgent face, and choaks the day:
Altho' the shaded earth in darkness pines,
The glorious orb still undiminish'd shines,
To earth eclips'd his lustre yet retains,
Still in full blaze he fills th' ethereal plains.
Thus fill'd with thee he triumphs truly great,
Amidst the bitter storms of adverse fate;
Illustrious in distress, a noble show,
And the soul glitters thro' the cloud of woe.
The ills of life thou mixest with the wind,
Thou champion of the just, and armour of the
mind.

When

When ev'ry star is blotted from the skies,
 When chaos to his ancient throne will rise :
 Thou bright in heav'n wilt show thy radiant face,
 And gild the vast illimitable space ;
 Well pleas'd th' eternal King will view thee shine ;
 And all his host reflect the light divine :
 See as th' eternal rolling ages flow,
 His creatures with increasing beauty glow :
 And fix thy lovely sway, serene, and gay,
 Firm as the throne of heav'n not subject to decay.

CHARITY.

STRIP off that frown, Entellus, nor disdain
 The humble beggar shivering at thy gate,
 Now arm'd with frost, fierce Boreas scowrs the
 plain,
 Buffets his brows, and pierces to his soul :
 Whilst round thee thy attendants wait,
 Nor doth th' inclement season thee controul,
 Ah quick relieve him,—to thyself be kind,
 And do one deed that gives thee gaiety of mind.

The

The sovereign ruler of this earthly ball,
Who holds the whole creation in his hand,
Loves what he made, and can provide for all,
But he hath giv'n the virtuous mortal room
To imitate himself, and o'er the land
Beneficence to shed, dispel the gloom,
That hangs upon the sons of want, and spread,
The general joy arōund, and lift each woe-worn
head.

Ah! how describe the luxury of joy,
The swelling transports of his godlike mind,
Who wipes the tear from the poor widow's eye,
And cheers the spirits of her little brood;
Their blessings pour a pleasure unconfi'd,
He feels th' exalted pride of doing good,
He sees their sorrows fade away, and joy
Leap in each bounding breast, and revel in each
eye.

Not all the glittering pomp of eastern kings,
Can give such joy as warms Acasto's breast,
When the poor boy around his patron clings,
What though no grateful eloquence doth flow,
He speaks with looks, what words have ne'er express'd.
Not unobserv'd by him, who well doth know,
Who hears the silent language of the soul,
And bids the pure delight o'er gen'rous spirits roll.
Say

Say if such pure extatic pleasure springs,
From bold exploits that ring the world around,
Th' applause of nations, and the smile of kings.
As rearing those adversity o'erthrew :
As pouring balm in suffering virtue's wound,
As Howard felt, from clime to clime who flew,
Who toil'd unwearied, friend to all mankind,
As the celestial joy of Hanway's radiant mind.

Where rich Mancunium lifts her lofty spires,
Dwells charity in ev'ry pleasing hue,
A race of men the god of love inspires,
To search for poverty, for pain, and tears,
(Sights the gay world are too polite to view,)
Midst this distress the strangers' friend appears,
O'er all th' extreme of misery he sheds,
Relief, and joyous hopes, and balmy comfort
spreads.

THE
Promulgation of the Law,
FROM
MOUNT SINAI.*

TH' Almighty gave, who fills eternity,
The moral law, immutable as he.
Whilst man, and all the things on earth decay,
And not one gaudy vanity can stay,
This law of nature, as its Author bright,
Endures for ever, and is ever right;
Thro' every clime is spread, and every land,
The good of man with God's supreme command.

When the meek Moses led the chosen seed,
And from their long Egyptian bondage freed,
Encamp'd in Sinai's wilderness they lay,
Where all beheld, on that tremendous day,
The great Creator God descend all bright
Array'd in heav'n's unsufferable light:
Near to the mountain's verge the army stands,
And waits, with dread divine, the God's commands.

* Exodus xix. 20.

Bright thro' the arch of heav'n the rosy day,
Shoots thro' the clouds of night the purple ray,
The sun thro' heav'n, array'd in splendor, goes,
And wide around his boundless glory throws,
But sees th' eternal majesty, and shrouds,
His beauteous face in darkness and in clouds:
The lofty heav'ns in fable pomp are drest,
All nature shakes with holy awe impress'd:
Loud roars the thunder thro' the rattling sky,
And glaring round the forky lightnings fly,
The deepening gloom around the mount is spread,
And a thick cloud involves its sacred head,
The brazen trumpet's piercing clangors fly,
And mingle with the thunder's voice on high.

And now the wide cerulean concave bends,
As down in fire th' Omnipotent descends;
All Sinai smokes, the gloomy volumes driv'n,
Spread o'er th' expanse, and hide the face of heav'n,
The towering mountain bends beneath its load,
And shakes, and trembles at th' almighty God.

Th' astonish'd tribes behold each awful sign,
Th' eternal in his majesty divine,
The pealing thunders, and the flashing light,
With sacred terror fill'd, they tremble at the sight.

Loud

Loud, and more loud, the trumpet's clangors rise,
 And the shrill echoes float along the skies:
 And now a solemn stillness reigns around,
 Whilst all creation waits with awe profound.
 They view the scene sublime, and hear with dread,
 Th' Almighty's voice, and thus Jehovah said:

Israel attend! I am the Lord thy God,
 Who on thee sheds his blessings all abroad,
 Who brought thee out of bondage, and of pain,
 And freed thy neck from Egypt's galling chain.
 O'er all the universe I reign supreme,
 And I all worship from all beings claim,
 With imitative art thou shalt not make
 An image, no resemblance shalt thou take,
 Of what's in heav'n above, on earth, in sea,
 Nor adoration shalt thou to 'em pay,
 For all exist in me, and all must own my sway. }
 Thro' them thou may'st their mighty Author view,
 Nor give the creature the Creator's due:
 For I the Lord thy God with jealous eye,
 Survey thy every thought, enthron'd on high,
 I visit those who scorn my high behest,
 And the fire's sins shall on his children rest,
 Which to the third and fourth degree descends,
 The wrath of heav'n th' offending race attends;
 Nought can my power, or sovereign will controul,
 I will be serv'd in purity of soul;

F

But

But unto thousands shall my mercy shine,
Who love me and observe my laws divine.

Revere the power who spread the starry frame,
Nor midst thy vanities pronounce his name,
For who that sacred name irreverent use,
He who thy thoughts surveys will ne'er excuse.

Remember thou to keep the sabbath day,
With due observance if thou praise or pray,
Six days thy hands to labour shall suffice,
Let on the seventh thy thoughts to heav'n arise;
Thyself, thy children, and thy servants, be
Cattle, and stranger, all from labour free.
For in six days th' eternal deity,
Made earth, and ocean, and the spangled sky,
Bade every orb th' amazing circuit roll,
And breath'd the breath of life in every soul,
And rested on the seventh, and it ordain'd
To be kept holy, nor with vice be stain'd.

Revere thy parents, that thy days may be,
Long in the land thy Maker gives to thee;
Thy impious hand shall ne'er presume to slay,
Nor life the gift of God shalt take away.
Adultery thou shalt not commit, nor be
The cause of discord in a family.

Thou

Thou shalt not steal, nor take another's right,
Be firmly just, in honesty delight.
Thou shalt not bear false witness, I can see
Thy speech and thy ideas disagree,
To what is right thy words be all confin'd,
And truth be ever glorious to thy mind.
Thy neighbour's goods thou shalt not wish 'em
thine,
His house, his wife, his servants or his kine;
Or any thing he hath, but thou shalt be
Content with what thou hast, with thine own
property.

Th' eternal spoke, a terror seiz'd each soul,
Trembling they hear the dreadful thunders roll;
View thro' the gloom the forky lightnings glare,
And hear the trumpet rend the suffering air:
Thick clouds of smoke from the whole mountain
rise,
Spread as they mount, and cover all the skies;
The gloomy terrors strike the tribes with awe,
And distant from the scene they reverently with-
draw.

SAUL

SAUL CURED BY MUSIC.

WHEN Saul departed from his Maker's laws,
His strong support th' almighty King withdraws,
Gloomy the monarch sat, involv'd in woes:
From night's dark realms a vengeful demon rose,
Th' indignant fiend the hapless king possest,
And pour'd his venom thro' the royal breast.
Within the king malignant passions roll,
Rage, grief, and dark despair torment his soul;
Not sovereign power, or pomp, could ease his pain,
He views the splendors of his court in vain,
Each object looks all odious to his eye,
Dark melancholy broods, and poisons every joy.

To cheer his drooping soul strive all his train,
Use every art, but all their arts are vain:
Last with his harp came Jesse's lovely boy,
Along the trembling strings his quivering fingers
fly.

The fullen monarch to the sound attends,
Soft as the snow that melts as it descends,
Deep as the solemn sound of falling floods,
Sweet as th' extatic warblings of the woods:

The

The youthful poet's soul with transport fir'd,
Breaks out in strains sublime, by heav'n inspir'd,
In lofty words his sweet ideas rise,
On the rich music, floating as it flies;
The heav'nly sound the fiend with torment rends,
Who down to hell with headlong haste descends.

Saul feels the notes melodious as they roll,
Rush with resistless rapture on his soul,
They thro' each avenue a passage find,
And still the stormy passions of his mind.
Thus down the west the light of day when driv'n,
And night with horrid frown usurps the heav'n,
At once the congregated vapours rise,
In thickening clouds, and blacken all the skies.
The howling winds thro' heav'n's dark concave
blow,
And universal sadness reigns below,
Till o'er the eastern hills the king of day,
Lifts up his lovely face in splendor gay,
He shoots his blazing glories thro' the sky,
The gloomy horrors from his presence fly,
And groves, and woods proclaim the general joy. }

Thro' Saul the piercing notes thus force their
way,
Dissolve, and bid his frozen spirits play,

The

The smiles refreshing o'er his face were spread,
The graceful monarch rais'd his lofty head,
Vigorous he rose, restor'd to health and joys,
And beamy rapture sparkled in his eyes,
Tho' proud Philistia's squadrons spread the plain,
Leap'd high his dauntless heart, inspir'd by David's
strain.

Thus music could the power of hell controul,
And fill with peace the king's desponding soul,
His furious passions could disarm and bind,
And with divine enchantment charm his mind.
The mind of man is ravish'd with her note,
Whether she pour from philomela's throat,
Or with shrill clangor rends the starry pole,
From the loud trumpet piercing to the soul,
With pleasing force her every strain she plays,
And melts, and moulds the heart a thousand ways;
Fills the good mind with purer extacy,
And adds a charm, O virtue, ev'n to thee.
Devotion hears, and lifts to heav'n her eye,
With holier rapture, with seraphic joy,
As borne on aromatic gales she flies,
O'er all the radiant mansions of the skies,
She gives delight to heav'n's harmonious choirs,
Who swell the sacred song, and sweep their sound-
ing lyres.

DAVID'S

DAVID'S LAMENTATION

ON

SAUL AND JONATHAN.

THY beauty, Israel, clouds of death o'ershade,
How low the mighty, and their strength are laid;
Let not in Gath, or Askelon be known,
That all our beauty, all our pride is gone;
Lest the proud daughters of the vaunting foe,
Sing songs of triumph, and insult our woe:
But Israel mourn, your valiant leaders dead,
Your strength, and prowess, with your heroes fled:
The dewy sorrows sprinkle on their urn.
The graceful chiefs ye lovely virgins mourn,
Let streaming tears suffuse your radiant eyes.
On Gilboa's top all Israel's beauty lies.

Gilboa on your heights, that hapless day,
The hero's shields were vilely cast away,
O'er your green tops, and every fertile plain,
Let one wide spreading desolation reign;
Your wonted smiles let never spring renew,
Nor rains descend, nor heav'n's refreshing dew;
As dreadful round you storms and tempests fly,
Raise your bleak heads all hideous to the sky.

The

The towering Saul, his foes beheld from far
Majestic moving, terrible in war:
They saw his wide destroying sword, and mourn'd,
Which never deedless to its sheath return'd;
Now fall'n amidst his foes, no more to rise,
And pierc'd with many a wound the monarch lies.

Brave Jonathan, midst blood, and hills of slain,
Still scatter'd slaughter o'er the dreadful plain;
When his strong arm th' unerring arrow drew,
The haughty trembled, and the mighty flew,
Yet from the feather'd vengeance fled too slow,
Nor could they shun his death-dispensing bow,
But now that friend these eyes must view no more,
Pale lies his corse, and cover'd o'er with gore;
Gone is that spotless uncorrupted mind,
To me in all my troubles ever kind,
Whatever chang'd, he still remain'd the same,
Still burn'd with sacred friendship's holy flame.
For thee, O Jonathan, my sorrows flow,
And my soul sinks beneath the weight of woe.

The warriors on their foes like eagles flew,
And, fierce as lions, all their strength o'erthrew,
Their courage glitter'd as the mid-day sun,
Lovely, and pleasant, were the fire and son,
They liv'd in mutual concord, free from hate,
Now both united in one mournful fate:

•Ye

Ye sons of Jacob rend the air with cries,
No more your valiant leaders greet your eyes,
On Gilboa's top all Israel's beauty lies.

Daughters of Israel, for your king make moan,
By him adorn'd, in gold and pearls you shone,
In scarlet robes, your lovely limbs he drest,
You liv'd beneath his mild protection blest;
But cold in death he lies, expos'd and bare,
With his brave sons, the weapons of the war;
Let every snowy bosom heave with sighs,
On Gilboa's top all Israel's beauty lies.

THE
DEATH OF JUDAS:

“ Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he
“ was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty
“ pieces of silver to the chief priest and elders, saying, I have
“ sinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they
“ said, What is that to us? see thou to that. And he cast down
“ the pieces of silver in the temple, and went and hanged himself.”

Matt. xxvii. 3, 4, 5.

“ Now this man purchased a field with the reward of iniquity,
“ and falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst, and all his
“ bowels gushed out.”

Acts i. 18.

THE Prince of peace condemn'd, when Judas
saw,

His savage heart was pierc'd with deadly awe,
Infernal tortures swift upon him roll,
And thickening horrors cloud his guilty soul,
Despair fits heavy on his gloomy mind,
He feels the torments of the howling fiend;
To the chief priest, and elders, swift he hies,
Deep have I sinn'd, the foul apostate cries,

Th

Th' unspotted Jesus to your hands is giv'n,
The friend of man, and innocent as heav'n,
Pure was each thought, which every act display'd,
O cursed I who righteous blood betray'd.

The priest and elders Judas sternly ey'd,
What's that to us? see thou to that, they cry'd;
To whom Iscariot, to my dreadful cost,
I'm scorn'd by you, for whom my soul is lost;
So may all traitors in succeeding times,
By those they serve be hated for their crimes.
The price of treason in my hand I bear,
Bane of my soul, and source of my despair.
May you, and it, th' avenging God confound,
Furious he spake, and dash'd it to the ground;
Sullen retires, and, urg'd by fiends, he flies,
Hell burns within his breast, and blazes in his eyes;
Flies, till a frightful gulph detains his flight,
Hideous it gapes, a dark and dreary fight,
On the high top a tree, that rooted deep,
Projected out, and overhung the steep,
Swift he ascends, and to a bough he ty'd
The cord, and next around his neck apply'd;
Then thus deep groaning, with a mournful sound,
And wildly gazing on the dark profound.

Here comes the period to the traitor friend,
And here vile wretch thy cursed actions end;

Roll

Roll on, ye heav'ns, regardless of my fall,
Laugh mortals at the wretch who hates you all;
Who rais'd th' eternal monument of shame,
And fix'd a lasting odium on his name;
Th' atrocious deed each age will bear along,
By every soul abhorr'd, and curs'd by every tongue.
And ye dire tempters, damn'd infernal gods,
I come, reluctant, to your dark abodes,
Let none the place of my sepulchre tell,
Who knows no friend on earth, in heav'n, or hell.

Fiercely he spoke, and headlong plung'd again,
Disjoins the neck, and jerks the cord in twain;
Swift as an arrow leaves the sounding bow,
He falls, and thunders on the rocks below;
Mash'd are his bones, and one tremendous wound,
Lets out the bleeding entrails to the ground;
The icy hand of death upon him lies,
And with an iron slumber seals his eyes,
The corse unnotic'd, blackens on the ground,
And rots, and spreads a pestilence around.
The God-betrayer seeks th' infernal coast,
A direful spectre, blood bespotted ghost;
Within, without, above, and round him wide,
The curling flames enwrap the suicide.

THE
LOVE OF MONEY.
A TALE.

WHAT tragic deeds from love of money spring,
What woes on man doth filthy lucre bring;
The future curse all-seeing heav'n survey'd,
And deep beneath, the shining mischief laid;
But brought to light by labour of mankind,
It ill repays the pains they took to find.

The ministers of God all strive in vain,
To stop the universal lust of gain:
It rules, and gives, to deeds a different face,
Makes virtue vice, and gives a villain grace;
The sordid miser's chief support and pride,
For ever craving, never satisfied.
All grasp with frantic haste, the glittering ore,
For gold's the god that all mankind adore.
All you who think the sovereign good is gold,
Attend, and hear an ancient story told.

Three men in company together went,
To the same place the travellers were bent;

Social

Social discours'd along the tedious way,
Their road across a dreary desert lay;
Ere half they'd pass'd, they view, with glad surprise,
A heap of gold, and, gazing on the prize,
With fond delight, with rapture tell it o'er,
Proud at the thought of being poor no more.
The eldest cries, let one of us repair,
To the next village for the choicest fare,
And on this lucky spot, from cares all void,
We'll feast our bodies, and the prize divide.
He spake, they all approv'd, the lot was cast,
Which on the youngest fell, he goes in haste.
The two now on the treasure feast their eyes,
Whilst one unto his rapt companion cries,
What fools were we to join a beardless boy,
Must he one third of this rich prize enjoy;
If we could trick the simple headed swain,
'Twould be a great addition to our gain :
True, cry'd the other, if our skill be shewn,
We can contrive to make it all our own;
What hinders but to execute our will,
For we have swords, and swords you know will kill.
Now thus the hapless youth th' unrighteous pair,
Agree to murder, and his part to share,
Regale themselves, and safe from human sight,
To leave him wrapt in everlasting night.

Meantime

Meantime the youth unto the village hies,
And as he goes these thoughts within him rise:
O could I make the treasure all my own,
One wicked act would all my labours crown;
I'll just the line of rectitude forsake,
And by one stroke my future fortune make:
I in the village will enjoy good cheer,
And poison the provisions which I bear;
My two companions both will eat, and die,
Of the rich prize the sole possessor I.
He swift his plan accomplish'd, nor delays,
Before his mates the poison'd victuals lays,
They rise to act the preconcerted part,
Unsheath their swords, and plunge 'em in his heart:
The shades of death for ever cloud his eyes,
And the black soul to hell's dominions flies.
And now the murderers reach, with greedy haste,
And feed voluptuous on the rich repast,
The potent poison rages in their veins,
And every nerve is rack'd with horrid pains,
Torn with convulsive agony, they rave,
No help is nigh, if nigh, no help could save;
They sink together to the deeps below,
And, midst the rage of fires infernal glow.
Around the miserable objects laid,
A melancholy spectacle display'd:
The gold is left, to tempt succeeding times,
And lies a fertile source of future crimes.

ON

ON THE

Death of James Holland,

Who was executed on Bolton Moor,

18th September, 1786.

WHILST others mourn the death of mighty
kings,

Some friend of man, or valiant hero slain,
My muse on humbler subjects as she sings,
Weeps o'er the spots that human nature stain.

And O, divine Melpomene, relate,
Th' heart-piercing sorrow, to behold mankind
Deform'd with guilt, a dark and horrid state,
Odious and foul, with vice th' immortal mind.

Before thee, Holland, good and evil lay,
Unhappy man the evil part who chose;
That leads the race of man the downward way,
To the dark mansions of unceasing woes,

The tempting muslins did allure thine eye,
Not finish'd till they pass the whitster's hand,
Thro' the long dreary night expos'd they lie,
In beauteous order whitening all the land.

And

And yet no pleasure ever could'st thou feel,
Thy crimes requir'd an ever watchful eye,
On thee attendant still as thou didst steal,
The thought corroding, and the bitter sigh.

Whilst bliss sincere the sons of labour find,
Whom no dishonest actions ever foul;
No doubts obscure the brightness of their mind,
Or damp their noble confidence of soul.

The sad effects of vice thou know'st too late,
The hand of justice will from mortals rend;
And thrust thee into an unchanging state,
Whilst from the tree thy quivering limbs depend.

Bound in the car, that slow and solemn moves,
Thy near approach to death the crowds all
mourn;
With tears exclaim, (and heav'n such grief approves,)

“ The road thou go'st, thou never wilt return.

“ The sun that shines all-glorious in the sky,
“ All things in beauty or with pride array'd,
“ In one short hour no more will greet thine eye,
“ For ever clos'd in death's oblivious shade.

H

“ Tho'

“ Tho’ poor, and mean, and wicked thou hast been
“ By true repentance yet thou may’st attain,
“ Thro’ him who for all sin a scoff was seen,
“ The seats of bliss, and join the seraphs strain.

“ May he who all our thoughts and actions knows
“ Who sees thy inward agony of mind,
“ Blot out thy sins, thy troubled soul compose,
“ And make thee to thy hapless fate resign’d.

“ Look up to him, thy Father and thy Friend,
“ The coming stroke be all thou feel’st of pain,
“ With troops of angels may’st thou mount and
sing,
“ The God of mercy, on the starry plain.”

Thus inly pray the sad spectators round,
And in the punishment forget the crime;
A fellow creature in such woes profound,
Awakes the feelings, melts the soul sublime.

Th’ unhappy convict now doth life resign,
Learn hence ye gazing crowd be timely wise,
See vice disgrac’d, but tho’ it prosperous shine,
Security alone in virtue lies.

Most glorious shines the uncorrupted mind,
 That foul reproach, nor poverty can quell;
 A soul the loveliest object eye can find,
 Where heav'n-born virtue not disdains to dwell.

THE SUN.

THE sun, that show'rs his light around,
 To every eye a welcome guest,
 With everlasting beauty crown'd;
 Moving majestic from the glowing east,
 Surveys his spacious realms in awful glory drest.

As issuing forth in peerless light,
 He throws around th' unbounded blaze,
 The feather'd nations all unite;
 Greet his approach in universal lays,
 From every vocal grove their heav'nly music raise.

Since first he pour'd the beamy ray,
 What millions sleep that saw his light,

What

What lofty men are swept away,
What generations rose, and sunk in night,
Yet still himself unchang'd, in lovely radiance
bright.

Perpetual youth arrays his face,
Time o'er him flies, with wearied wing,
Sublime he runs th' eternal race,
Nor doth one globe the smallest tribute bring,
Of all the numerous worlds revolving round their
king.

But he the boundless blessing pours,
He cherishes and clothes all bright,
The fields, the woods, the rosy bowers,
On all creation sheds his golden light;
And each far distant world rejoices at the sight.

In regal pomp he mounts his throne,
And sips the heav'n-descended dew,
He shoots the flaming splendors down,
His glittering march admiring eyes pursue,
And in th' illustrious orb, th' all powerful author
view.

Who fix'd his station in the sky?
Who, less than heav'n's eternal fire,

Could

Could heave the ponderous orb on high;
Or form the bright prodigious mass of fire,
To glow thro' every age, that men and gods admire.

How great above all greatness he,
Who bade him out of nothing rise,
Cloth'd him with sovereign dignity,
Bade him ascend his palace in the skies,
And drink th' immortal ray from his refulgent eyes,

THE MOON.

WHEN the bright orb hath run his glittering
race,

And down the western ocean sinks the day,
The lovely moon lifts up her beauteous face,
Pride of the smiling heav'ns to gild the azure way.

Darkness in vain attempts to cloud her reign,
She strips the awful terrors from her brow;
With ever varying face she gilds the scene,
Still charming in each change her silver splen-
dors flow.

Tho' she no light inherent can display,
With modest pride she takes her seat on high,
Drest in her glorious brother's sacred ray,
Serenely moves along, sweet regent of the sky.

What hosts of stars attend her in her tour,
Myriads of glitt'ring worlds her train are giv'n,
To form above her head a spangled bower,
And fill her shining court, the splendid arch of
heav'n.

E'en foreign princes deign to deck her court,
Whose realms beyond the thoughts of mortals lie;
Far

Far distant suns to her their lights resort,
Great empress of the stars, and beauty of the sky.

O'er all the earth her silver radiance flows,
Displays the lovely landscape to the eye,
At sight of her old Ocean amorous grows,
Feels her thro' all his mass, and heaves his waves
on high.

The sun, the moon, and all the stars that glow,
And flaming comets thro' th' expansion driv'n
Give a faint glimpse from whom their splendors
flow,
And sound his sacred name thro' all the bound-
less heav'n.

But in himself unutterably bright,
To whom compar'd the brightest suns are shade,
The pure unfullied source and soul of light,
From his eternal throne irradiates what he made.

THE
BLIND MAN'S PRAYER.

That we, finding imperfection and dissatisfaction in all the enjoyments of the creatures, might be led to seek it in Him, in whom is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.

LOCKE.

FOUNTAIN of Light, eternal, glorious God,
Whose sacred lustre fills the blest abode ;
August, enthron'd in majesty divine :
O hear a prostrate suppliant at thy shrine,
Involv'd in shades of ever during night,
The gay creation ravish'd from my sight,
Unseen the sun ascends his flaming ear,
Strips of their fainter splendors every star ;
The sole enlightener of th' ethereal way
Majestic moves the sovereign of the day,
Arrays the heav'ns with light, and gilds the ground,
And spreads an universal glory round.

I view no radiant empress of the night,
Glow thro' th' expanse magnificently bright ;

Nor

Nor hosts of stars attendant on their queen
Brighten the heav'ns, and stud the blue serene.
Unseen the shining worlds around me roll,
That speak the lofty language to the soul;
Yet still in thee I trust, nor mourn my fate;
For thou with mercy chastenest—not with hate,
That all in this vain world may see and know
No joy complete or happiness below:
Mankind, or poor, or rich, or low, or high,
Can never taste a pure unfulfilled joy:
And tho' I'm bound in clouds of gloomy night,
And lost to me the sun's refulgent light;
Tho' to all worldly things for ever blind,
With thy divine effulgence clear my mind;
Chace all the mists and fogs of vice away:
Pour on my soul an intellectual ray!
And guide my steps in sacred virtue's road,
Where mild religion points up to her God:
She in the hour of death will cheer my soul,
And pain assuage, and every grief controul;
Dispel the gloom, and bid the terrors fly,
And brighten all the passage to the sky.
Then when my soul shall gain the blissful shore,
The troubled ocean past, and life's dark voyage
o'er ;

Thou wilt dispel the mist that clouds my eyes,
Whilst the full glory bursts from brighter skies,

I

Then

Then my strong sight astonish'd will survey,
Where all the planets roll in boundless day;
See thee my God! hear angels sound thy name!
Catch the seraphic fire, and burn with holy flame!
May all the world in hymns enraptur'd join,
And sound to distant orbs the song divine:
To thee supreme, all powerful, and all wise,
One universal grateful chorus rise.

THE
LARK,

AN ELEGIAC POEM.

THE new born day, with blushes cover'd o'er;
Salutes the world, and cheers admiring swains,
Creation smiles, thro' all her ample store,
Her vocal groves, her hills, and flowery plains.

The glorious scene invites my longing eye,
I fallied forth, (the morning of my days,)
To hear the birds their songs to heav'n apply,
My soul expands, and joins the general praise.

The flowers in silent rapture smile around,
The glowing heav'ns proclaim the good, and wise,
My kindling mind transported spurns the ground,
Bursts out in praise and rushes to the skies.

Forth from his humble nest the lark ascends,
With strains harmonious swells his little throat,
He to the lofty heav'n his journey bends,
And loudly trills the soft melodious note.

Exulting

Exulting rises in the fields of light,
The melting music thro' th' horizon rings,
Now springs above, now pauses in his flight,
Or poiz'd in air, or quivering on his wings.

Thine eyes survey sweet songster from on high,
Hills, rocks, and woods, in state majestic stand;
Thy charming voice as beats thy heart with joy,
Pours the soft strain that gladdens all the land,

Awak'd by thee, the radiant source of day,
As thy notes rise on western breezes borne,
Springs from his rosy couch, to hear thy lay,
And draws the crimson curtains of the morn.

Delightful poet, tune thy charming song,
Protect, O heav'n, prolong that dulcet breath,
But Ah! that heav'nly lay will last not long,
Those strains will cease, and all be hush'd in death,

The critic hawk with keen sagacious glare,
His motions watches, and destruction aims,
Devours him with his eyes, with cruel care,
And ev'n his heav'nly song his rage inflames.

The lark unconscious on triumphant wings,
Sends forth his voice and rises midst the spheres;

There

There at the gates of heav'n his matins sings,
And angels listen to a song like theirs.

Th' inferior choirs he hears, and sees below,
But his superior strain each hearer charms,
Thus angels in the heav'nly concert glow,
Whilst stronger joy the burning seraph warms.

And now descending from his lofty height,
The foe shoots forwards at the expected prey,
The birds below behold th' unpleasing sight,
A solemn silence covers every spray.

A fearful expectation seizes all,
The Hawk vindictive at the songster flies,
That springs above, or with a speedy fall,
Eludes the foe, and darts along the skies.

The wrathful bird unwearied still pursues,
Wheels with the lark, and turning as he turns,
In lines direct, oblique, the chace renews,
His speed redoubles, and his fury burns.

Aloft, alow, they rise and fall amain,
Loud screams the lark; the pitying skies resound,
Revenge fills all my soul, I rage in vain,
And, stung with grief, I madly rave around.

The

The hawk just fastening on his fainting prize,
The lark darts downward like a falling star,
And at my feet the sweet musician lies,
Th' indignant foe reluctant leaves the war.

Above in airy circles o'er my head
The wood's rapacious robber fiercely wheels,
His claws in act to grasp, the bird now fled,
And all the rage of disappointment feels.

O would the death thou aim'dst upon thee fall,
As now thy pinions bear thee from my sight,
If ever—now, the dear pernicious ball,
With winged vengeance overtake thy flight.

Soon as the tyrant's gone my bird shall rise,
With humble wings again shall joyful soar,
Our earthly music carry to the skies,
And hail the purple morn and heav'n adore.

So saying, in my pocket I convey'd
The lovely bird, and musing mov'd along;
My heart dilates with joy, jocund I stray'd,
So cheerful none the feather'd tribes among.

But Ah! the schemes of mortal man are vain,
A crowd of thoughts came rushing on my mind,

The

The ideas roll'd in one successive chain,
And left the lagging memory behind.

Pensive upon the flowery turf I fate,
Beneath me crush'd the charming songster lies,
I rose astonish'd, trembling for its fate,
Grim death fate heavy on its closing eyes.

Cold felt my heart, a sudden chilness spread
O'er all my limbs, till tears a passage found,
With all the storm of grief I view'd it dead,
And shower'd an unavailing sorrow round.

And didst thou scape the furious hawk, and fall,
To find a refuge, an asylum here;
With generous boldness for my aid didst call,
And wretched I th' unhappy murderer.

If mighty Maro's spirit fill'd my breast,
Still all the world should hear thy harmony,
Till all the rolling orbs were laid at rest,
And the last trumpet drown'd the melody.

Departed summer yet again will bloom,
The spring return, and setting suns will rise;
And man, exalted creature, spurns the tomb,
And seeks his own hereditary skies.

But

But thou in death eternally art bound,
An everlasting silence seals thy tongue,
No more the hills and vales thy lays resound,
Nor shepherds hear the soul-enchanting song.

For ever wrapt in dark oblivious shade,
Ill-fated bird, caus'd by unhappy me,
I this rude-essay of the rhyming trade,
My pretty warbler consecrate to thee.

THE
PHOLADES;

OR,

FILE-FISH.

THRO' nature's sons where can we see,
An animal so blest as thee?
Ordain'd in ocean's depth to dwell:—
Tho' nature arms thee with a shell,
Thou greater safety dost procure,
And "mak'st assurance doubly sure."
In early youth thou dost with care,
For thy security prepare;
Some rugged rock thou fixest on,
Thy tongue dissolves th' obdurate stone,
With ceaseless toil thou work'st thy way,
And dost thy curious arts display,
Till pierc'd as far as suits thy will,
Thy palace now demands thy skill,
Hollow'd by thee it room supplies,
Commodious to thy growing size;
Thro' the small apperture full fast,
The water flows, thy rich repast,
Then when thou hast thy court complete,
Thou sitt'st in solitary state,

K

The

The sea for thy voluptuous hours,
Her wide perpetual plenty pours,
With more than Epicurean bliss,
Thy span of life consumed is;
Thou neither grief, or want dost know,
And far remov'd from every foe:
Not shoals of herrings as they roll,
In countless myriads from the pole,
Can e'er disturb thy peaceful reign,
And hungry sharks may prowl in vain.
No winds disturb thy settled rest,
From north, or south, or east, or west,
When ocean roars, all tempest tost,
And ships with all their crews are lost;
Uninjur'd still thou dost remain,
Amidst the wild tempestuous main,
Sure happiness to thee is giv'n,
If happiness be under heav'n;
And when the fates pronounce thy doom,
Thy residence becomes thy tomb,
A tomb surpassing human pride;
That rais'd the towering pyramid;
There safe thou liest when life is spent,
Shut in thy marble monument,
For ever hid from every eye,
Inviolate thy ashes lie.

THE
LAMENTATION
OF A
COAL-HORSE.

RENOWNED critic, of sagacious nose,
Ah! smooth for once thy grim terrific brow,
An horse, and ass, once spoke, as story shows,
And if they once have spoke, Ah! why not now.

My station's low, yet merits not disdain,
Coals than false prophets nobler burdens are,
And high-born Xanthus drew along the plain,
An hair brain'd ruffian headlong to the war.

Tho' no Arabian heralds boast my birth,
Yet high as any can I trace my line,
From the first reverend steed that fill'd the earth,
With all the race, their ancestor and mine,

But I foredoom'd to misery below,
No speed my inauspicious luck can fly,
Still load to load succeeds, and woe to woe,
And only foal'd to suffer, and to die.

My

My fickle master, poor inconstant fool,
He hates, and loves, still wrongs me, and redresses,
In the same instant as the passions rule,
He stroaks, or kicks me, curses, or caresses.

Constant my labour as the rolling sun,
But chance reigns sovereign o'er my provender;
And (fickle goddess,) when my labour's done,
Must eat, or must not eat, as pleases her.

Nor that alone, but, wandering thro' the mire,
With empty belly, and with loaden back,
With head reclining as I sleep desire,
Sudden my side resounds the rattling thwack.

Unwilling as I trudge, my longing eyes,
Oft view the mead delicious clover spreads;
But fate forbids my entrance, pales arise,
And prickly thorns exalt their barbarous heads.

When sack, and panniers, have discharg'd their load
An easier journey back I hope in vain,
My master mounts, and jogging on the road,
With switch and wooded heel lays on amain.

O would my master condescend to use,
The little reason that his Maker gave,

And

And not his meek dependant thus abuse;
Who hopes from him he shou'd protection have.

Yet if the learn'd with metaphysic eye,
On man and horse would all their labours join,
They no such mighty difference would descry,
Between my master's intellects and mine.

Yet sometimes fortune smiles, a lucky day,
With well earn'd wages makes my master smile;
The plenteous store is got without delay,
To please my palate after all my toil.

Oh! then the sweet nocturnal pastime comes,
What joys I feel tho' darkness reigns below,
Hay, grass, and grains, with mouldy crusts and
crumbs,
Till sol appears with light to me and woe.

Nor doth my brethren feel a milder fate,
That drag the chariot o'er the dusty road;
From every pore descends the reeking sweat,
Whilst oaths and stripes are liberally bestow'd.

The surly driver with infernal art,
Directs the lash the keenest pain to raise;
In state you roll with an unfeeling heart,
And make 'em pay full dearly for your ease.

Gay

Gay mounts the boisterous blade, his nimble steed,
With whip and wicked spur belabours o'er;
Whilst every limb exerts its utmost speed,
Rolls down his flanks the mingled sweat and gore.

In vain the horse doth every effort try,
(His master's vigilance no whit doth slack,)
Outstrips the winds, nor can one stroke outfly,
He bears his own tormenter on his back.

O you to heav'n who lift the lofty eye,
And trace the progress of the heav'nly host;
In search of knowledge round the globe you fly,
From pole to pole exploring every coast.

You, stamp'd on every object thro' the earth,
Your Maker's goodness, power, and wisdom see;
But whilst you're gaining knowledge from your
birth,
Ah! pray forget not your humanity.

Consider that one being form'd us all,
One common father, and one common friend?
And if he made you sovereigns of the ball,
By being tyrants answer you the end?

Ah! you who hope a better life to share,
And think our short duration here expires;
Let

Let us not have the future hell you fear,
Nor feel your rage when brutal passion fires.

And tho' our lives will quickly be resign'd,
Subject no more to cruelty and pain,
The crime will stain your purity of mind,
And in your souls the lasting blot remain.

But whilst you hate your kind and proudly dare,
Of your own species make a gainful trade;
Heap with the bloody dead the fields of war,
In a wrong time my poor petitions made.

So I with patience must endure the ill,
For grief or restive airs will nought avail;
Submissive to my lord's capricious will,
Till underneath the load my spirits fail.

For you will read with supercilious scorn,
Nor help to lift me from my deep despair;
Since then of hope bereft I thus forlorn,
Breathe out my grief in one complaining prayer.

And when with age, and constant labour worn,
Death kindly spreads the dark eternal shade;
My flesh will from my bones by birds be torn,
Or in devouring dogs my tomb be made.

For-

Forgotten then my mouldering bones will lie,
Memorial none, of brick, or stone, or brass,
To call from feeling hearts the tender sigh,
Or shew posterity that Dragon was.

FAME.

WHAT art thou fame? thou dear enchanting
thing,

Lov'd, and rever'd, and sought by human kind;
Thou oft of worthy actions art the spring,
When thy gay glories glitter to the mind.

Lur'd by thy charms with sacred fury driv'n,
On fancy's pinions springs the active mind;
Shoots with a glow divine thro' all the heav'n,
And leaves the princely eagle far behind.

Tho' the four sage owns not thy sovereignty,
And thee an empty phantom dares to call,
Yet midst th' unnumber'd follies that we see,
Thou art the loveliest vanity of all.

Was

Was it not thee that fir'd a Newton's mind,
In search of truth led Locke's sagacious eye,
Bade Howard emulate the heav'nly kind,
And taught great Milton's muse to scale the sky.

The soul delighting orator of Rome
With ravish'd eyes thy beauteous form did see,
For thee th' illustrious Codrus met his doom,
And Cesar toil'd, and Cato bled for thee.

To live in thee the noblest worthies pray,
Live on th' historian's or the poet's page,
And mortal man, the being of a day,
Would fain extend his name thro' every age.

Th' Egyptian art the muses far outgo,
That could the corse preserve, to dust consign'd,
But they in colours that eternal glow,
Can paint the virtues of th' immortal mind.

To realms on high exempt from grief and woe,
Tho' flew the better part of Addison,
The image of his soul remains below,
Beauteous and bright as when on earth he shone.

Thou those hast lov'd that nothing car'd for thee,
For Shakespear to thy honours laid no claim;

Left all his works "to be, or not to be,"
Yet thy perpetual glory crowns his name.

Yet not with merit art thou always found,
Most slippery goddess thou canst seldom stay,
When envy foams, and spreads her poison round
By the same breath that made thee puffed away.

But still thy strong delusion charms the eye,
Fills with supreme delight the glowing mind,
Enraptur'd at thy sight what numbers fly,
To gain thy smile which yet but few can find.

For thou art coy, and difficult to gain,
One sweats, and toils, and drudges on till death,
Shows all the learned lumber of his brain,
Thy trump sounds none, or sounds with backward breath.

The raptur'd sage to be esteem'd a god,
Leap'd into Ætna's flames in search of thee;
His empty name is far diffus'd abroad
Enroll'd with fools to all posterity.

If, like some fair coquette, thou take delight,
To fire mankind with love—still unrepaid,

Quick

Quick from thy airy throne direct thy sight,
And view the numerous Quixotes thou hast
made.

See in what haste the multitudes advance,
To find thee on Parnassus lofty top;
What rhyming votaries march, but, sad mischance,
The trusty guards poetic coxcombs stop.

Apollo's porters with terrific grin,
Of canine race, endued with potent smell,
Will not one sprig of laurel let them win,
But with a snarl th' aspiring hopes they quell.

With vaunting pride these doughty wights have
hurl'd,
The critic lance these monstrous mice to slay,
In awful state (the laughter of the world,)
Have rais'd th' herculean fist to kill a flea.

At some who glitter in thy splendid court,
Loud have they growl'd, which makes some men
suppose,
Th' olfactory nerves not always true report,
And doubt th' infallibility of nose.

But why did tuneful Dryden, awful Pope,
With these puissant pigmies e'er contend?

Lay

Lay on so stoutly with satiric rope,
To make th' incorrigible nation bend?

What man of genius e'er would make a rout,
Or lash an envious fool who damns his rhymes?
Stir his offensive qualities about,
And make the scoundrel stink to future times.

Thy charms, O fame, full oft with gaudy glare,
Spread poison o'er th' intoxicated mind,
Some think to grasp thee fast, but, with despair,
View thee inconstant, veering as the wind.

But they are wise, who careless of renown,
Whose souls th' heroic virtues all inspire;
Do good unheeding or thy smile, or frown,
Determin'd to deserve thee, not desire.

THE
CONTEST,

BEING

A paraphrasfical imitation of part of the third and fourth chapters
of the first book of Esdras,

HIGH on his throne the great Darius fate,
Magnificent he shone in kingly state,
The Median, and the Persian princes round,
His captains for their warlike deeds renown'd;
The governors and officers of state,
Th' august retinue that on princes wait.
Their royal master did them all convene,
Three of his guard to hear, which could maintain,
And prove what he asserts the strongest thing;
One nam'd it wine, one plac'd it in the king,
The last for woman and the truth contends,
Each on himself for victory depends.

A rich reward the victor must obtain,
Wear round his neck an honorary chain;
Must on a bed of state superb recline,
And quaff from golden cups the rosy wine:
He must be honour'd, be by all caress'd,
His limbs in richest purple robes be dress'd;

His

His prancing steeds adorn'd with golden reins,
Must roll his glitt'ring chariot o'er the plains;
Distinguish'd thus he will to honours spring,
He must be call'd a kinsman of the king,
Amidst his council sit, whilst all that view,
Will give the glory that to wisdom's due.

Then thus the king: Three of my guard contend,
And as you judge, the victory must depend,
Nor arts let you from rectitude incline,
Your task be justice, to reward be mine:
But let themselves their several proofs make known,
(They came and bow'd obeisant to the throne.)

Then thus the first, with reverential fear,
Thou mighty monarch, and ye princes hear,
What can for strength with sparkling wine contend
Its force resistless makes the mighty bend;
Makes men do what their sober thoughts despise,
The fool more foolish, idiots of the wise:
It makes the quivering coward brave and stout,
With beauteous colours paints each rising thought;
Expands the soul, nor care, nor caution stay,
And sullen sorrow vanishes away;
Nor by the thoughts of debt their minds are cross'd
Distinction's levell'd, rank and reason's lost;
The poor and rich alike are brisk, and gay,
And kings forget to rule and subjects to obey.

The

The wise man deck'd with modesty divine,
Soon feels the force of soul-exalting wine;
His gravity dissolves with heart all glad,
Lest loose th' obstreperous tongue all eloquently
mad.

When warm'd with wine, what glorious prospects
rise,
What airy phantoms dance before their eyes;
Great as a king the humble beggar tow'rs,
Th' inspiring grape exalts his sordid powers,
Proudly he vaunts, on his own praises dwells,
And with imaginary greatness swells.
All quaff away till kingly reason's flown,
And madness fills the abdicated throne;
The jovial rout tumultuous roar around,
And noisy nonsense back the roofs rebound:
Now friend 'gainst friend in raging fury springs,
They draw their swords, each clashing weapon rings,
Till each o'erpower'd by wine inactive lies,
And every object swims before their eyes;
The conquering captain staggers on the road,
And the state's pillars sink beneath the load:
The learned judge nor right, nor wrong can see,
And e'en the lawyer leaves his lov'd loquacity.
Thus wine o'er each degree transcendent tow'rs,
And with superior strength the strong o'erpowers.

He

He spoke, th' august assembly smil'd around,
Pleas'd with the sweetly modulated sound.

The noble audience now the next survey'd,
And thus with pleasing adulation said:
How great is man, of strong capacious mind,
With looks erect he views the brutal kind;
With walls, and mounds, restrains th' impetuous
floods,
And tames the howling savage of the woods;
He makes the waves subservient to his will,
And stubborn winds to labour at his mill;
Brings down the swift wing'd habitants of air,
Or can from ocean a repast prepare:
Ingenious still and provident of food,
What scorns his strength, is by his art subdued,
Nor e'en to earth confin'd, th' idea springs,
And mounts to heav'n on fancy's glowing wings.
If such a single man, how strong, how great,
The glorious mortal singled out by fate,
For power supreme, his will is uncontroul'd,
Flock to his standard all the wise and bold;
The strength of millions he directs, and throws,
The wide devouring vengeance on his foes:
Victorious views the rising hills of slain,
And the red torrent deluge all the plain:
He sees around the fearful prisoners stand;
All struck with terror wait his high command,

And

And if in mercy he should pardon give,
The trembling captives hear the word and live.
The hostile towns where pride and wealth abound,
If he command are levell'd with the ground,
Their ancient structures vanish from our eyes,
The work of ages low in ruin lies.
He bids the artichest exert his powers,
And the proud city lifts her lofty towers;
Which stand long lasting monuments of fame,
And future times revere his glorious name.
He bids the mighty forests march away,
And in tall navies sweep the sounding sea;
His merchant ships cut ocean with their prores,
And bring the produce of a thousand shores.
Soon can the king the vine's strong power make
void,
He bids to plant them, or to be destroy'd.
The farmers plough, and sow, and reap, to bring
The produce of their toil, the tribute to the king.
None in his realms dare disobey his nod,
Dreadful in power, and awful as a god;
If he but look, his train obsequious fly,
And understand each motion of his eye,
When o'er him sleep extends its peaceful reign,
He safely slumbers midst his faithful train,
Of greatest strength possess'd beneath the sky,
And what's the power on earth, pretends to vie

With strength of kings, the delegates of heav'n,
To whom the sovereign power and strength of all
is giv'n?

He ceas'd, the judges all commend the cause,
And give a general murmur of applause,
Sweet to his soul the sound delightful flows.
When now to speak, Zerobabel arose,
His height, and graceful form, attention drew,
He o'er the bright assembly cast his view,
The king and princes ey'd the wondrous man,
Who bending low with artful words began:
Nor wine, nor kings, with woman's strength can
stand;

For nature arms, and fits her for command;
O'er all mankind extends her pleasing sway,
The willing slaves find pleasure to obey;
They gaze upon her charms, her form divine;
Adorn'd by her, in pomp and state they shine.
O'er kings, and armies, and o'er each degree,
She reigns with uncontroul'd supremacy:
She calms man's savage turbulence of soul,
And bids the boisterous passions smoother roll,
She can the scattering sparks of wit condense,
And in the stupid cast a gleam of sense;
She shoots out all th' artillery of her charms,
Prayers, sighs, and tears, her soft resistless arms.

Nor

Nor doth she, like the warrior, sweat and toil,
The heart's transfix'd with one bewitching smile;
He yields, nor can his liberty regain,
But still he hugs the dear tormenting pain;
Unable or to cure; or bear the smart,
Of the dire wound still festering in his heart,
His riches, power, or strength, can nought avail,
Till she who wounded condescends to heal.

Who looks on woman, and doth not adore,
He must be less than man, or something more;
Behold the tyrant, foe to human kind,
Yet the soft sex can bend his stubborn mind;
Fill his fierce soul with love's dissolving fire,
And mould the monster to their own desire.
The strength of Samson, stronger love could bind,
And Solomon the wisest of mankind,
Not all his wisdom could from woman save,
Who bound in chains of love their royal slave.
No distance can allay the lover's pain,
Seas roar, and mountains interpose in vain;
He conquers every obstacle, and gains,
The bright reward which far o'errepays the pains;
The raptur'd youth beholds his blooming bride,
At once his ruler, glory, and his pride.
If sad his mind, she comes, and all is gay,
And the ferocious aspect fades away.

She

She rules triumphant, and with matchless skill,
She turns his passions in what course she will;
Urges to acts heroic, or degrades,
And to bright honour, or to ruin leads.

E'en the brave soldier, who with glory burns,
From fighting fields triumphantly returns;
As fame to tell his deeds before him flies,
He rolls with proud disdain his lofty eyes,
The victor's captiv'd by a beauteous face,
He kneels a suppliant to obtain her grace,
His soul is melted with her piercing eyes,
Low at her feet the vanquish'd conqueror lies.

What joy irradiates, and what grief o'er shades,
When the sweet god of bitterness invades;
Delightful hopes, and jealous doubts arise,
These sink to hell, those lift him to the skies.

Nor shame, nor want, can the sweet plague re-
move,
Or cure the wild extravagance of love;
He'll rob, or steal, by furious passions torn,
And lose his soul, her body to adorn;
She is his all, for her he scorns applause,
Of kings regardless, he o'erleaps their laws;
Nor e'en proud reason in its place can stay,
Drunk with her heav'nly charms it reels away.

She

She makes full brave the tender hearted swain,
For her he dares to tempt the dangerous main;
As whirl'd with winds o'er ocean's deeps he flies,
Still in his heart her lovely image lies;
Nor foaming surges, nor the howling wind,
Can drive the dear idea from his mind.

Great is the king, and dreadful in his might,
And with a frown can put his foes to flight,
Yet late I saw him towering in his pride,
Upon his throne, Apame at his side,
All bright in charms (great Bartacus her fire,)
Who warms the king with love's most potent fire,
She snatch'd the golden crown, with gems enchas'd,
And on her head the sparkling burden plac'd;
She struck the king with hand as white as snow,
Thrill'd thro' his veins the love-directed blow,
With angry glance her eyes she feign'd to roll,
And shot the pleasing poison in his soul,
Her eyes with lightening blasted all his pride,
He gaz'd, he gap'd, each art submissive try'd,
Her sweet fictitious tempest to assuage,
And strove to deprecate her seeming rage.

The king and princes, on each other gaz'd,
Th' expression soft, and eloquence amaz'd;
He saw, and of th' approving signs was proud,
Then thus of truth he rais'd his voice aloud.

O king,

O king, O princes, with attention hear,
Whilst I the mighty strength of truth declare :
Th' excess of wine to vice betrays the mind,
And wicked kings are scourges of mankind;
And women with deceitful arts abound,
Corrupt the heart, and spread perdition round.
But these, with all their wicked works shall fall,
And heav'n's consuming vengeance cover all :
No kings the mortal stroke of death can fly,
Low in the dust their glittering honours lie.
And lovely women in bright charms array'd,
In quick succession rise, and shine, and fade;
All mortal strength obeys the general doom,
And speeds the rough short passage to the tomb :
An easy prey to worms their strength is laid,
But truth shone glorious ere the stars were made,
Or moon appear'd, or ere the king of day,
From heav'n's bright portals pour'd the golden
ray.

In awful beauty she transmits her rays,
Delight of heav'n, and earth resounds her praise,
Keeps up the glorious universal frame,
And unimpair'd exists, eternally the same.
Whilst every passing age beholds her shine,
In majesty august, in dignity divine.
The mind where she resides is ever bright,
Her holy mien is deck'd with everlasting light.

O sacred

O sacred source of all, of truth the spring,
'Effence of goodness, self-existent King;
Th' unbounded universe resounds thy fame,
Eternal monarch, blessed be thy name.

He ceas'd, the loud applauding shouts arise,
And mount the crystal kingdoms of the skies;
These words loud sounding echo thro' the hall,
Great is the truth, and mighty over all.

What thou canst wish above the victor's prize,
Thou shalt obtain, the great Darius cries;
Thou at my side shalt sit, my kinsman nam'd,
Lov'd by a king, and thro' the nation fam'd.

The monarch thus, Zerobabel reply'd,
Much honour'd prince, and Persia's greatest pride,
No pomp or honours can delight my mind,
Whilst my poor country in distress I find;
The temple of our God in ruins lies,
The King of kings, who rules the starry skies.

Recal to mind thy vow, O king, to raise,
The towers of Salem, pride of ancient days;
And all her holy vessels to restore,
And build the place where we our God adore;
Now this is all, O king, that I desire,
What thou hast vow'd to heav'n's almighty fire,
Whose

Whose prophet told who Persia would adorn,
Call'd by his name the monarch yet unborn, *

* " Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus, whose right
" hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him: and I will
" loose the loins of kings to open before him the two-leaved gates,
" and the gates shall not be shut. I will go before thee and make
" the crooked places straight: I will break in pieces the gates of
" brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron. And I will give thee
" the treasures of darkness, and the hidden riches of secret places,
" that thou mayest know that I the Lord, which call thee by thy
" name, am the God of Israel. For Jacob my servant's sake, and
" Israel mine elect, I have even called thee by thy name: I have
" surnamed thee though thou hast not known me."

ISAIAH xlv. 1—4.

" That saith of Cyrus, He is my shepherd, and shall perform all
" my pleasure; even saying to Jerusalem, Thou shalt be built, and
" to the temple, Thy foundation shall be laid."

xliv. 28.

This most remarkable prophecy of Isaiah, wherein he foretels the conquest of Babylon, and even named Cyrus as the conqueror, one hundred and twenty years before his birth, is such a demonstration of the divine inspiration of that exalted writer, that I hope the reader will not be displeased with the length of the following quotation from a very ancient heathen historian, wherein will be seen the methods that providence took to preserve the life of such an extraordinary person as Cyrus was.

" Astyages, the last king of the Medes, being warned by a dream, that the son who was to be born of his daughter Mandane, should one day be lord of all Asia, resolved to marry her, not to a Mede worthy of her bed, but to a Persian; and accordingly chose one

The

The heav'n-predicted conquering hero flew,
And the proud power of Babylon o'erthrew ;

Cambyfes, sprung from an ancient family, but of a peaceable difpofition, and, as he thought, inferior in rank to a Mede, even of a middling condition. A year after they were married, Aftyages was frightened with another dream, portending anew, according to the interpretation of the Magi, the empire of Afia to his grandfon.

“ Hereupon Aftyages fent for his daughter, then pregnant ; and, upon her arrival in Media, put her under a guard, determined to deftroy the child fhe fhould be delivered of, for the Magi had affured him that the iffue of his daughter was to fill his throne. Mandane, not long after her confinement, was brought to bed of a fon, whom Aftyages delivered to Harpagus, enjoining him, as he tendered his own life, to take the new-born fon of Mandane, and difpatch him with his own hands, in what manner he fhould think fit. Harpagus promifed to put the king's order in execution, and having received from the guards the infant, richly drefed, went home under great concern to fee himfelf employed in fo hateful and inhuman an office ; he acquainted his wife with what had paffed between Aftyages and himfelf ; and refolved not to execute the fentence with his own hands, but to transfer his charge to another. With this defign he immediately fent for one of the king's herdsmen, who kept his cattle in paftures lying at the foot of certain mountains, on the north of Ecbatan, towards the Cafpian fea. Mithridates, that was the name of the herdsman, without delay waited on Harpagus, who commanded him in the king's name, to take the infant, and expofe it in the moft dangerous and abandoned part of the mountains, upon pain of dying in the moft exquisite tortures that could be invented : he added that the king had charged him to fee his orders put in execution.

The mighty Cyrus, who our sufferings saw,
Proclaim'd the just unalterable law,

“ The herdsman not daring to make any remonstrance against the king's command, returned with the child to his cottage, where he found his wife just delivered of a son. During her husband's absence she had been in great trouble and perplexity, on account of the message from Harpagus, who had never before sent for him; so that he no sooner set his foot within the door, than she asked him in great surprize, why Harpagus had sent for him in such haste. He told her he had been in the city, where he had heard and seen such things as grieved him beyond expression; that, when he arrived, the house of Harpagus was all in tears; and that, as he went in, he was struck with horror at the sight of an infant dressed in gold and the richest colours, panting and crying on the floor; that Harpagus had commanded him to carry away the child and expose it on the mountains to the mercy of the wild beasts, upon pain of incurring the king's displeasure, and undergoing the severest punishments that could be inflicted; that, at first, he supposed the unhappy infant to belong to the family of Harpagus; but that he had been afterwards informed by the servant that had attended him out of the city, and delivered the babe into his hands, that it was born of Mandane, the king's daughter, and was son to Cambyfes of Persia; and that Astyages had commanded it should be put to death.

“ Having thus spoken he disclosed the child to his wife, who no sooner saw it, but being ravished with the innocent smiles of the infant, she embraced her husband, and with many tears intreated him not to execute the order he had received; but he representing the absolute necessity of obeying, or forfeiting his own life, since the spies of Harpagus would certainly keep a watchful eye over him and see whether he had performed what had been so strictly enjoined him,

Whereby

Whereby the Jews had liberty to go,
From long captivity, from grief, and woe;

she suggested to him, to take their own child, that was still born, to expose it instead of the other, and bring up the son of Mandane as their own, for, by that expedient, said she, we shall sufficiently consult our own safety, without injuring others; the dead child will be honoured with a royal sepulchre, and the surviving infant be preserved from an untimely death.

“ Mithridates approved of this proposal, and delivering the infant he was charged to destroy, into his wife’s hands, dressed the dead child in the rich apparel of the living; and carried it in the same basket in which he had brought the other, to the most unfrequented part of the mountains. Three days after, he acquainted Harpagus that if he pleased, he could shew him the body of the dead infant, and he accordingly dispatched some of his friends, in whom he most confided, to see that the sentence had been put in execution, and to inter the royal infant. Thus was Cyrus (for so was the infant afterwards called) delivered from the snares of his grandfather, and educated by the herdsman’s wife as her own.

“ When he had attained the age of ten years, as he was one day playing in the pastures with the other children, he was chosen king by his companions; and having, in virtue of that dignity, distinguished them into several orders and classes, the son of Artembares, a lord of eminent dignity among the Medes, who was one of his companions in the play, refused to obey his orders: whereupon Cyrus commanded him to be immediately seized, and whipped very severely. The boy, with many tears, complained to his father of what he had suffered from the herdsman’s son; and the father, highly resenting the affront, hastened with his son to the king’s palace; and shewing that prince in what a cruel and ignominious manner his child had been

Rebuild

Rebuild the temple of the God whose eye,
With one broad glance pervades immensity;

abused by the son of a slave; intreated him to avenge, by some very exemplary punishment, the indignity offered to him and his family. Astyages promised to give him full satisfaction, and commanding both the herdsman and his son to be brought before him, asked Cyrus how he who was the son of so mean a man, had dared to abuse the child of one of the chief lords of the kingdom. Cyrus replied, that he had done no more than he had a right to do; for the boys of the neighbourhood having chosen him for their king, because they thought him the most worthy of that dignity, they submitted to what he, in virtue of that character, had commanded them; the son of Artembares alone having slighted his orders; who for his disobedience had suffered the punishment he deserved.

“ As Cyrus was pleading his cause with an eloquence far superior to his years and education, Astyages took particular notice of his mien and features, and thinking that he resembled himself, began to reflect on the time that his grandson was exposed, which he found to agree with the age of the herdsman's supposed son. Being perplexed with this thought, he dismissed Artembares, assuring him that his son should have no cause to complain, and commanded his guards to conduct Cyrus into the palace.

“ Being then in private with the herdsman, he asked whose son Cyrus was, and from whose hands he had him. Mithridates affirmed he was his own child, and that the boy's mother, who was still living, would come, if he pleased, to attest it. But Astyages giving no credit to what he averred, commanded his guards to seize him, whereupon he discovered, without reserve, the whole matter, and implored the king's mercy.

“ Astyages was not so much incensed against the herdsman, as against his favourite Harpagus, whom he ordered the guards to bring
But

But when the glorious hero slept in dust,
And stern Cambyfes, cruel and unjust,

without delay, to the palace. Upon his arrival, the king, in a violent passion, asked him in what manner he had put to death the son of his daughter Mandane. When Harpagus saw the herdsman, he thought he should but aggravate his crime by attempting to elude the storm that threatened him by any sort of falshood, and therefore openly confessed what he had done; adding, he thought he had taken the most effectual means he could to put his orders in execution; and that he truly believed the child was dead, since the most trusty among his friends had assured him that they had seen and interred the body.

“ Aſtyages diſſembling his reſentment, acquainted Harpagus with what the herdsman had confeſſed; adding that the child was ſtill alive, and that he was very well pleaſed that his orders had not been executed; for he had been under great concern ever ſince he iſſued that cruel order, and had not been able to bear the reproaches of his daughter. He then ordered Harpagus to ſend his ſon to wait on the young Cyrus, and to come himſelf that night to ſup with him, ſince he intended to offer a ſacrifice to the gods in thankſ-giving for the care they had taken of his grandſon.

“ Harpagus overjoyed at the king’s ſpeech, returned home, and acquainting his wife with what had paſſed, immediately ſent his only ſon to attend Cyrus, as he had been commanded. His ſon, who was about thirty years old, no ſooner entered the palace, than he was ſeized, barbarouſly murdered, and cut in pieces, by order of Aſtyages, who gave directions that the mangled body, variously dreſſed and diſguiſed, ſhould be ſerved up at ſupper. Harpagus and the reſt of the gueſts repaired to the palace at the hour appointed; the others were ſplendidly entertained, but the table where Harpagus ſupped, was ſerved only with the fleſh of his ſon.

Diſgrac’d

Disgrac'd his throne; our foes with arts unkind,
Soon fill'd with jealous doubts the tyrant's mind;

“ When he had done eating, the king asked him, if he had been pleased with his victuals; and Harpagus answering that he had never tasted any thing more delicious, the officers appointed for that purpose, brought in a basket containing the head, hands, and feet of his son, desiring him to uncover the basket, and take what he liked best. He did as they desired, and beheld the remains of his only child, without betraying any sort of concern or resentment at so shocking a sight; such was the command he had of his passions. The king enquired, whether he knew with what sort of meat he had been entertained. Harpagus replied, he knew very well, and was always well pleased with whatever his sovereign thought fit to ordain. Having thus replied, with a surprizing temper, he collected the mangled parts of his innocent son, and went home.

“ Astyages having thus vented his rage on the unfortunate Harpagus, began to consider with himself what he should do with Cyrus; and, having again consulted the magi, their answer was, that if the boy lived, he must of necessity be king. Astyages then acquainted them that he was still alive; adding as a very material circumstance, that he had been chosen king by the boys of the neighbourhood where he lived, and performed all the parts of a real king with the utmost severity.

“ Hereupon the magi replied, that the prediction of his reign was already accomplished in the choice which the boys had made of him for their king, and that he would never reign a second time, for dreams, said they, often end in things of small importance, and are fulfilled by trifling events. They advised him therefore to divest himself of all fear, and send the boy to his parents in Persia.

But

But yet he plann'd our woes with secrecy,
 Nor openly revok'd his sire's decree.
 He hinder'd still our works, increas'd our pain,
 Vain was our strength, our every effort vain.

The empire next the artful Smerdis sway'd,
 Again the base Samaritans display'd
 Their rancour call'd us a rebellious race,
 Covering a suffering nation with disgrace;
 Each province on Euphrates' nearer side,
 With us, they said would rise in haughty pride,
 Reject the Persian sway, were we allow'd
 To raise the sacred structure of our God;
 Soon the false Smerdis issu'd his command
 To stop the work, despair spread o'er the land.

O mighty king, who rul'd the realms around,
 Thou know'st the fate that this usurper found,
 Thy thundering arm depriv'd him of his breath,
 And hurl'd th' impostor to the realms of death.

" In fine, he sent him to his parents, attended by several lords of the first rank, where living till he had attained the age of manhood, became popular in his own country, and famous in Media on account of his extraordinary abilities, he was invited to the conquest of Media, at the instigation of Harpagus, who never forgot the inhuman murder of his son. He accomplished his intentions and kept his grandfather Astyages prisoner in his palace, without practising any severity on him.

Ancient Universal Hist. vol 4, page 100.

Thou

Thou bid'st again the Persian glories rise,
Again her lustre glitters to the skies;
Vast is thy sway, but greater is thy mind,
Hail glorious king, thou patron of mankind;
To thee their eyes an injur'd nation raise,
Deign to relieve us and accept our praise,
See truth itself now urge thee on to fame,
And point thee out th' immortal Cyrus' name:
Vouchsafe to ratify his high decree,
And may the God of truth each blessing pour on
thee.

He spoke, the monarch (rising from his throne,
With generous pride each royal feature shone,)
Confirm'd the law by mighty Cyrus made,
And gave command the pious work to aid,
Zerobabel and all his mates with joy
And rapture fill'd, to beauteous Salem fly;
The temple and the glittering towers arose,
Again reviv'd her ancient splendor glows.

Within each breast a sudden transport springs,
The shout of joy thro' all Judea rings,
The Jews the sacred majesty adore,
And their full hearts the grateful praises pour;
Sweet float the hallelujahs wide around,
And heav'n's refulgent courts repeat the joyful
found.

ON

ON THE
ENGAGEMENT
BETWEEN THE
British and French Fleets,
IN THE
WEST INDIES.

PROUD Gallia's fleet exulting plough'd the main,
The French with hopes of victory elate;
But Britons stopt 'em, with a stern disdain,
With vengeance glowing, and denouncing fate;
Gay hopes each adverse party's spirits raise,
Louis or George to prove, the sovereign of the seas.

Now bursting from its mouth, each cannon blows,
A deadly blast; from either fleet is driv'n,
A night of clouds; tremendous darkness rose,
Which choak'd the sun, and veil'd the face of
heav'n.

From every ship a dire destruction flies,
The British thunder roars, the Gallic fleet replies.

Fierce for their country's honour, both engage,
Disdaining flight, for glory all their cry,
O Maintain

Maintain the fight with unabated rage,
Resolv'd to conquer, or content to die.
All grim in gore th' intrepid Britons flood,
The burning battle pour'd, and dy'd the sea with
blood.

Soon as the morn had spread her beauties round,
Tempestuous uproar rent the tortur'd sky;
Roar'd the loud ordnance with terrific sound,
Till darkness fix'd her sable throne on high.
The Gauls retir'd, th' unfading laurels crown'd,
Britannia's glorious flag, eternally renown'd.

Nor our brave captains unlamented fall,
Three grateful nations shall their actions tell,
How led by glory, and at honour's call,
They bravely in the noble contest fell:
Names that will warm each generous British soul,
While Phœbus gives the day, or stars adorn the pole.

Thee Manners thee, the noble, brave, and young,
The balls relentless tore thy limbs away;
Heav'n snatch'd the youth, from famous Granby
sprung,

And paid our loss with a victorious day.
The son was worthy of th' illustrious fire,
Such was his noble soul, and such his martial fire,

Immortal

Immortal Rodney, thou whom heav'n design'd,
Thy country's saviour, and Britannia's pride,
No danger damps thy great unconquer'd mind,
And God protects, th' almighty King's thy guide.
Fir'd with thy country's love thy soul is driv'n,
Exerts its utmost force, and leaves the rest to heav'n.

Hood, Drake, and Affleck, darling sons of fame;
Their steady souls with manly ardour glow'd,
A nation's bulwark each auspicious name;
France shrinks with terror by their courage aw'd.
In future times Britannia's sons will read,
Dwell o'er the rapturous page, and emulate the deed.

And each bold British captain sternly brave,
The road to conquest shew'd his valiant crew,
With Gallic blood was stain'd the briny wave,
As on their ships the British thunders flew.
Fame spreads her plumes, and glittering mounts on
high,
Her golden trumpet sounds, earth, heav'n, and seas
reply.

Thus while dejection weigh'd down every soul,
Divine assistance aids the warrior's hand,
Our fleets triumphant ride, and scorn controul,
The Lord of hosts, Jehovah guards the land:
Secure in him we ward the threaten'd doom,
Rise up in peerless light and dissipate the gloom.
A DIA-

A

DIALOGUE,

HORTENSIUS, ORONTES.

ORONTES.

HAPPY Hortensius, innocently gay
Thy tranquil hours serenely slip away;
Sweet thou enjoy'st thy grove's embowering shade,
And walk'st enraptur'd o'er the flowery mead.
Thou seest the book of nature open'd broad,
Stamp'd with the glowing characters of God;
Charm'd with the sight thy soul is rais'd on high,
And holds a sweet communion with the sky.
Thou from th' entanglements of law art free,
And horrid war is far remov'd from thee.
Nor seest adversity with wrinkled mien,
In prosperous fortune thou art humble seen:
But feel'st a hope to mount the blest abodes,
And thy rapt soul claim kindred with the gods.
All earthly pomps as empty bubbles roll,
But thine's a true nobility of soul,
Whose glittering splendor never will decay,
Which kings can neither give or take away.

HOR.

HORTENSIUS.

An active life, like thine Orontes, warms
Th' aspiring mind, amidst the loud alarms
Of thundering war: for noble souls like thine,
Their country's boast and ornament they shine;
But dreadful war doth no distinction know,
Alike it lays the brave, and coward low;
Late Kempenfelt and crew indulg'd their joy,
No danger threaten'd, and no foe was nigh,
When death's deep darkness rush'd o'er every eye: }
Instant they sunk resign'd their ardent souls,
O'er the brave men relentless ocean rolls.
Nor could the high descent of Manners save,
The blooming hero from an early grave.
Thou hast the dire effects of discord seen,
Speak thou of wars, for thou in wars hast been,
What time Britannia great in misery rose,
Sublime, undaunted 'midst surrounding foes;
When rose the pest from hell's abyss profound,
And scatter'd death, and desolation round.
The nations round fierce on each other glar'd,
With aspects stern for deeds of death prepar'd,
O'er all the land was wav'd the bloody sword,
And hostile navies on th' Atlantic roar'd:
From fleet, to fleet, the flaming vengeance flew,
And peace to heav'n with streaming eyes withdrew:
The hosts combin'd, Gibraltar block'd around,
Amidst the bravest was Orontes found;

You

You lay besieg'd while thrice his annual way,
 Mov'd the refulgent monarch of the day:
 Who like himself survey'd the British line,
 August, with undiminish'd glory shine.
 Tell, for thou can'st your wants, and woes declare,
 Your thirst of fame, and terrors of the war.

ORONTES.

Th' assailants stretch'd o'er Andalusia's plains,
 Prolong'd the siege, nor felt its wants and pains;
 From the high mountain block'd up every way,
 And their large navy prest the burden'd sea.
 But our brave men sustain'd a double care,
 Devouring famine, and wide wasting war;
 Yet obstinately bold, to heav'n resign'd,
 An host of heroes unsubdued in mind.
 So great, on towering Lebanon o'erspread
 Each awful cedar lifts its lofty head,
 Parch'd up with drought they rear their arms on high,
 But the soft shower the sultry heav'ns deny;
 Yet stately still, magnificent in show,
 Sublime they stand in dignity of woe,
 And proudly from the stars survey the world
 below.

De Crillon now the adverse army joins,
 Of mighty soul and great in high designs,
 Minorca fell before his conquering blade,
 Nor yet the glorious thirst of fame allay'd.

With

With piercing eye he views the rock around,
And in idea scales the lofty mound :
Joy warms his soul, and sparkles in his eyes,
Beats his bold heart whilst thus he raptur'd cries :
At length the time propitious fates afford,
That stubborn Calpe owns her ancient lord ;
Now down the stream of time will float my name,
My sovereign's glory mingling with my fame ;
These lordly lions now will find too late
No strength or courage cou'd prolong their fate ;
Rough stubborn souls, from rocks of marble hew'd,
Of rage untam'd, of courage unsubdu'd.
Tho' you such deeds the world admires perform,
No less than gods survive th' impending storm ;
My well plann'd schemes a sure success will find,
Or Britons are the bravest of mankind.
Sword, fire, and famine vainly strive to bend
Your haughty souls, but now your glories end :
Soon will you wish in safety to retire,
When all the lofty rock is wrapt in fire,
When from each part your groans and cries resound,
Whilst thick the flaming vengeance pours around.
Thus he: the troops partake the general's joy,
Leaps every heart, and lightens every eye ;
Now at the camp we view'd, with active care,
Th' industrious foe their shatter'd works repair,
The trenches rise along the hostile road,
And heavy ordnance the strong batteries load.

HOR-

A DIALOGUE.

HORTENSIUS.

But Ah! to you, coop'd up in narrow space,
 The siege appear'd with formidable face,
 And, worn with toils, dark melancholy now
 Must sink each heart, and cloud each British brow,
 You o'er the briny ocean gaz'd in vain,
 No coming fleet appear'd to ease your pain,
 But hostile vessels thicken'd o'er the main;
 Terrific round you threaten'd hideous war,
 And ghastly famine frown'd with dreadful stare,
 Where'er you turn'd your death appear'd decreed,
 Toils follow'd toils, and woes did woes succeed.
 How look'd amidst these complicated woes,
 Your noble general on his vaunting foes?

ORONTES.

He stood with strength deriv'd from heav'n alone,
 His powers proportion'd to his danger shone,
 He saw the coming tempest with delight,
 And the brave veteran panted for the fight.
 The lion thus on Afric's burning plains,
 With lofty pride surveys surrounding swains,
 Views for the fight his numerous foes prepare,
 Hopes their approach, and stern awaits the war:
 Around his head the missile weapons fly,
 Thick showers of arrows darken all the sky,
 Room to retreat tho' oft th' assailants give,
 He rushes forwards, and disdains to live.

Our

Our hardy men, tho' fore with toil oppress'd,
 An unabated fervor warm'd each breast;
 And proudly still th' ambitious wishes soar,
 To shine with glory, till they shine no more.
 The foe their floating batteries now to fight
 With pride display'd, and glorying in their might;
 With tough and slippery hides they cover'd all,
 To bend beneath, or turn the forceful ball.
 The great invention charm'd the numerous host,
 But swell'd the breast of bold Morena most;
 Who stalk'd along the surge-insulted coast: }
 He saw, in thought, th' important place resign'd,
 And nurs'd the bright idea in his mind;
 And as these hopes with transport fir'd his breast,
 These words the wishes of his soul express'd:
 Or let me find an honourable grave,
 Or on yon heights Iberia's ensigns wave;
 Let us the well defended fortress gain,
 And British blood run purple to the main;
 Whilst rushing forward we survey with joy,
 In one dead heap its proud possessors lie.

HORTENSIVS.

One moment man with hopes transporting
 glows,
 The next o'erwhelm'd with agonizing woes;
 But heav'n alone did the dire strife decide,
 And humbled in one dreadful day their pride.

The glorious conflict dear Orontes tell,
And how the fierce attack you did repel.

ORONTES.

Soon as Aurora had with ruddy light
Adorn'd the heav'ns and gladden'd human fight,
With tackling trim, gay floating to the breeze,
And work'd by hands unseen, the floatantees,
In state majestic, plough'd the briny wave;
The glorious fight with transport fir'd the brave;
The gazing crouds on Andalusia's plain,
Stood to behold their troops the fortress gain.
Now near the rock th' adventurous vessels steer,
High o'er their heads stern Calpe frowns severe;
The Britons view their thundering volleys fly,
And the loud roar re-echoes to the sky;
But, from the cover'd ships, inoxious bound
The balls, and sink in ocean's realms profound,
They view their shot in vain with wild surprise,
And rage vindictive flashes from their eyes.
Now some the balls in the fierce furnace fling,
Some to the charge the glowing vengeance bring:
Now flies the burning ball, a dire essay,
The foe beheld it as it forc'd its way,
And dipt its fiery forehead in the sea. }
A storm of battle rose upon the view,
The showers of bullets unremitted flew.

So from the frozen pole when Boreas blows,
And skims the regions of eternal snows,
The white artillery thickens all the air,
And fierce descends at once the wintery war:
So thick the vengeful balls are pour'd around,
And falling men with blood distain the ground.
Elliot conspicuous tower'd on Calpe's height,
And stood undaunted, midst the storm of fight:
Unshaken thus the mighty Athos stands,
Towering sublime, and shades the distant lands,
Of raging winds sustains th' eternal wars,
And rears his reverend head amidst the stars.
From sea, from land, the thundering vollies fly,
And with discordant roar torment the sky.
Great on the rock the lofty hero stands,
And warms with words like these his warlike bands:
Here let us fight, and gain immortal fame,
Or fall unconscious of our country's shame:
Let us, if victory crown yon vaunting host,
Be with the long contested fortrefs lost;
If to this place they march in proud array,
Our slaughter'd bodies still shall stop their way;
Cover'd with blood we will resign our breath,
Pleas'd at the stroke of all-subdueing death:
Whilst each bold spirit freed shall view, and smile
As each brave warrior swells the bleeding pile.
If we resign'd this fortrefs to our foes,
Perhaps from war and all its train of woes

Secure

Secure in Britain we might pass our days,
 Scorn'd and contemn'd in ignominious ease,
 With care avoiding the stern battles rage,
 Purchase a long dishonourable age:
 Yet soon or late arrives the general doom,
 No length of years remember'd in the tomb.
 The bravest men wou'd wish to shed their blood
 Most for their honour, and their country's good;
 That time is now, th' important hour draws nigh,
 Rush on and seize the glorious time to die:
 The General spoke, and every bosom fir'd,
 And one vast soul the kindling host inspir'd;
 The raging troops now meditate the blow,
 And pour the flaming vengeance on the foe:
 Each proud spectator views with haggard eye;
 The broad destruction bursting from on high,
 Again their shot returns with dreadful roar,
 From ships at sea from batteries on the shore;
 The baleful ordnance with sulphureous breath,
 Emits th' unnumber'd messengers of death.
 Thick rise the bombs aloft with hissing sound,
 On Calpe fall where smouldering on the ground,
 The thundering furies burst and scatter death
 around. }
 The smoke in curling volumes mounts on high,
 And thro' the cloudy heav'n the fiery tempests fly;
 Hoarse sound the drums and piercing fifes around,
 And the loud trumpet spreads its brazen sound;

The

The shrieks of women, dying soldiers' cries,
 And shells loud bursting rend the vaulted skies,
 Old ocean roars, convulsions shake the grounds;
 Back from th' astonish'd heav'ns the noise
 rebounds,

Whilst from a thousand mouths the voice of
 death resounds.

Hadst thou the terrors of that day survey'd,
 The valiant deeds that both the hosts display'd;
 Thou would'st have seen 'em toil and pant for
 breath,

No hand inactive in the work of death.

Fresh to my mind the dreadful scene appears,

Still the loud ordnance thunders in my ears;

Fierce on high Calpe's top the Britons lower'd,

And on their foes the fiery deluge pour'd;

The floatantees disdaining to retire,

Stood the tremendous hurricane of fire;

Fierce as when furious elements contend,

And Etna's hollow womb tempestuous rend,

It belches out (th' affrighted swain withdraws)

The floods of fire from its terrific jaws;

The red destruction with resistless sway,

Rolls rapid from its head and headlong seeks the sea,

Such the dire scene, with rage each army burn'd,

Each volley from the foe our troops return'd,

Those fix'd the place to gain, and these to keep;

Or lie enwrap't in death's eternal sleep,

They

They toil'd with all their strength, and toil'd again,
And Calpe blush'd with blood and blood distain'd
the main.

Thus thro' the day the work of death proceeds,
And both the hosts atchieve unriyall'd deeds,
Fix'd in their ships the fiery vengeance glows,
They cease their fire, and deep involv'd in woes,
To quench the flames their whole attention bend;
Incessant still the blazing plagues descend;
Till night grim low'ring on her ebon car,
Spread her black mantle o'er the throne of war:
The spreading flame with light the heav'n arrays,
And the broad deep reflects the glittering blaze.
The troops behold and all more vigorous pour
With force redoubled the pernicious shower.
Thus the ripe vengeance of offended heav'n,
On the two impious cities furious driv'n;
Sulphurous flames th' ærial regions rend,
And storms of fire from angry heav'n descend.
With rage unquench'd still fir'd the British train,
And spread the conflagration o'er the main
And each bold hero view'd from Calpe's steep,
A glorious horror overspread the deep.

HORTENSIVS.

Dreadful their state involv'd in flames to lie,
And the red balls descending from on high:

To view the British vengeance still display'd,
Unfit or to repel or to evade.
Hapless mankind, who with a savage joy,
Use every art each other to destroy;
O were but reason in the place of rage,
Mankind might then behold a golden age;
The human race wou'd then (a glorious show)
In peace divine with love commutual glow.
Thy eyes my friend with pity wou'd survey
The vanquish'd wretches on th' approach of day.

ORONTES,

Beyond description was the dreadful fight,
Soon as from heav'n appear'd the dawning light;
Their mournful cries pierc'd all our hearts with
pain;
Death frown'd in every shape and triumph'd o'er
the main :
Then was the time, O Curtis, to proclaim!
Thy worth to all the world and crown thy fame:
Amidst the burning vessels thou didst go
From deaths devouring jaws to snatch thy foe,
Who pale with dread in flaming ships confin'd,
Their state with pity touch'd thy noble mind.
The raging fire had now the powder found,
With horrid crash th' explosion thunder'd round,
Th' unhappy men in fiery clouds were driv'n,
And their torn limbs were whirl'd along the heav'n:
But

But thou impell'd by heav'n didst rush to save,
 O thou of lovely soul divinely brave,
 Amidst an host of heroes great in fight,
 Thou glorious shone with a distinguish'd light:
 Nor did the dreadful danger thee dismay,
 When round thy head the whistling balls did play:
 Sent by the foe with e'ring rage inspir'd,
 Thou didst accomplish what thy soul desir'd:
 As Abdiel firm, and obstinately good,
 Tho' all the powers of hell against him stood.
 Oh wou'd some seraph all my soul inspire,
 Give strength to strike the loud Maonian lyre.
 His fame, untouch'd by time's devouring rage,
 For ever shou'd adorn the glowing page,
 Pride of the world and glory of the age: }
 And when in good old age each laurel won,
 He stoops to death, the race of glory run,
 Then will th' applause of angels loud be giv'n,
 As ope th' eternal golden gates of heav'n,
 The great archangels from their thrones will rise,
 To greet th' illustrious stranger to the skies;
 On earth this glorious act his fame secures,
 Long as the British name, or time endures;
 The good and worthy action never dies,
 'Tis ever cherish'd by the brave and wise,
 Still will he live thro' every age to come,
 Nor can he lie forgotten in the tomb,

But

But ever nam'd, the bravest of the brave,
And light immortal glitter o'er his grave.

HORTENSIVS.

What sudden floods of joy upon me roll,
And with extatic transport warm my soul,
The King of heav'n inspir'd his godlike mind,
To give the bright example to mankind;
These troops will ever be Britannia's boast,
Each man an hero shone thro' all your host;
Their fame, wide spreading thro' each distant clime,
Will still keep pace with ever-fleeting time.
Let by our sons, ye Britons ne'er be said,
You scorn those living, they adore when dead.
Our vigorous soldiers, thirsting for renown,
For deeds of war, triumphant laurels crown;
Our hardy sailors, bold, unknown to fear,
O'er the wide deep Britannia's thunders bear;
In towering ships they cut the liquid way,
And o'er the spacious ocean stretch their sway;
By them preserv'd, proud commerce can explore
Far distant realms, and visit every shore:
Let not her pamper'd sons, with wealth elate,
Look with disdain on those who made 'em great;
They who went out, unknowing to return,
In search of glory, left their friends to mourn,
And felt their hearts with generous ardour burn;

If cold and hungry, be their wants supplied,
 Nor those they fav'd, insult 'em with their pride;
 Let not their toils and hardships meet disdain,
 Or mutilated limbs e'er plead in vain;
 Nor, as each noble sufferer passes by,
 With supercilious scorn avert the lofty eye.

PSALM

PSALM I.

IMITATED.

BLEST is the man, and only he
Can boast a pure felicity,
Who with a studious care,
Shuns all the fons of vice, and fears
Their lewd discourse may taint his ears,
Or his good thoughts ensnare.

Who views their ways with holy scorn,
The cheerful looks his face adorn,
He sees the thin disguise
With which they strive to veil their arts,
Knows from their vile polluted hearts,
The gross ideas rise.

He feels unutterable joys,
As he his fleeting hours employs,
In God's eternal laws;
Reads thro' the day, and as by night
He meditates;—with great delight
The sacred knowledge draws.

As

As the fair tree which waters lave
Spreads its green foliage o'er the wave,
In stately beauty grows,
O'erspread with blossoms smiles, and now
The blushing fruits from every bough,
Their fragrant scents disclose.

Nor northern winds that roar around,
Can with its honours heap the ground;
But in eternal green
Its ever verdant leaves displays;
The good man thus, his acts and ways
So prosperous still are seen.

But wicked men who tower elate,
In sinful pomp and gaudy state,
Are slaves to every lust;
But soon o'erwhelm'd with dire dismay,
(Their pride and honours swept away)
Lie prostrate in the dust.

Their hopes on false foundations lie,
They rise, they flourish, droop and die,
And drop to endless night;
As chaff before the wind is driv'n
To ev'ry corner of the heav'n,
They disappear from sight.

But

But when the dreadful day shall come,
How will they bear th' Almighty's doom?

What pangs will tear their souls,
As down unto their fiery beds
They sink, whilst on their guilty heads
The burning vengeance rolls.

THE
VISION
OF
ELIPHAZ,
THE TEMANITE,

From the fourth chapter of the Book of Job,
IMITATED.

WHEN the black night had driv'n her sable car,
O'er all the heav'n, and put out every star;
An awful silence reign'd, and darkness deep,
And men lay wrapt in the soft arms of sleep;
But from me far were pleasing slumbers chas'd,
Before mine eyes a gliding spirit pass'd,
A deadly fear my faculties did scare,
Quiver'd my bones, uprose my stiffen'd hair;
Cold palpitations seiz'd on every part,
And the warm blood forsook my freezing heart,
A dreadful horror rack'd my soul with pains,
My shivering blood was curdled in my veins:
Th' etherial guest with mortal dread I ey'd,
Whilst thus in solemn sounds the phantom cry'd:

Proud

Proud man, art thou as thy Creator just?
Be still, thou breathing particle of dust,
Weak impious reptile, view thyself and see
How vast the distance between God and thee;
What then will thy bold tongue presume to say,
Poor grov'ling worm, the insect of a day;
But the pure godhead, who creation plann'd,
By no created being can be scann'd;
The greatest angel on the starry plain,
Who strives to comprehend, will strive in vain,
Whate'er's the sovereign will of the most high;
All heav'n's bright armies execute with joy.
If these bright spirits, free from every stain,
To the omniscient godhead scarce be clean,
How must appear to him poor human kind,
Whom sin pollutes, and clouds of error blind?
By passions torn, they pass their days in strife,
And subject to th' unnumber'd ills of life.
To earthly tabernacles tho' confin'd,
Yet fill'd with pride, and arrogance of mind;
They strut a while, but soon depriv'd of breath
Drop unregarded to the realms of death:
Their boasted wisdom instant from them flies,
And shades eternal settle on their eyes.

ON THE
DEATH
OF
LOUIS XVI.
KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE;

MURDERED BY HIS OWN SUBJECTS,

21st January, 1793.

UNHAPPY France, with misery o'erspread,
Where bold rebellion rears its odious head;
Thy worthiest sons, the brave, the wise, the good,
Or fled, or Paris blushes with their blood.
Fierce o'er the land infernal discord flies,
Drench'd in his blood the virtuous Louis lies.
But from such dire examples man may know
Th' uncertain state of every thing below;
And learn the honours of this earthly ball
To scorn, for vanity is stamp'd on all:
What joy was seen when first he drew his breath,
An host of ruffians led him to his death;
In all the pomp of kingly state he shone,
But for a prison he exchange'd his throne:

To

To taste the dregs of human misery driv'n,
Insulted, butcher'd, in the face of heav'n.
Who more than he was courted and caress'd,
And by a loyal people lov'd and bless'd ?
Who more than he e'er felt with bite so rude
The poisonous tooth of vile ingratitude ?
Unhappy prince, disastrous was thy reign,
Adorn'd by heav'n with shining gifts in vain,
To all thy subjects merciful and kind,
And ruin'd by the virtues of thy mind.
A faction, with ungovern'd rage inspir'd,
With thirst of blood, and hellish frenzy fir'd,
Dethron'd their generous monarch with disgrace,
To fix a thousand tyrants in his place.
Who stript him of his royalty, and those
His soul held dear, made partners in his woes.
Yet all their arts, and policy refin'd,
Could not destroy his nobleness of mind ;
The princely virtues that his mind adorn'd,
Defy'd destruction, and their malice scorn'd.
Tho' black the storm of woe upon him thrown,
Bright thro' the gloom his brilliant virtues shone ;
His soul sublime the murderers could not bow,
Magnanimous and great, illustrious in his woe.
He calm and tranquil o'er the fiend-like crowd,
In conscious innocence majestic stood ;
Tho' far his friends were driv'n, and in despair,
They pierc'd the skies with unavailing prayer :

R

Tho'

Tho' he beheld around (a dismal show)
Rage in each look, in every face a foe,
Inspir'd by heav'n, he stood divinely great,
And, with celestial boldness met his fate:
Firm were his hopes, fix'd on th' eternal King,
Of heav'nly comfort th' inexhausted spring,
Friend of the friendless, to whose holy eye,
Th' assassin's vile intentions open lie.
Yet, spite of laws, the cruel crew ordains,
The strong protector, great Jehovah reigns.
Th' eternal knew, high seated on his throne,
No human pomp could for his griefs atone,
And took unto himself, such was his will,
Th' immortal part the wretches could not kill.
Tho' on the scaffold they with ravish'd eye
And savage satisfaction saw him die,
And the white cloths dipt in his streaming gore,
And high in air the bloody trophies bore.
Yet every soul that love of honour fires,
Each heart one spark of virtue that inspires,
Who not to mercy, or religion blind,
Nor lost to all that dignifies mankind,
Shock'd at the deed, with rage indignant burn'd,
And in the bitterness of anguish mourn'd,
Each woe-struck heart was pierc'd with deadly
fears,
And all the eyes of Europe stream'd with tears.

But they who laid him weltering in his gore,
O'erturn'd the laws of God and man before,
Threw every social virtue to the wind,
And spurn'd th' ideas of the feeling mind,
No speech from soft humanity was heard,
The mask dropt off, and all the brute appear'd.
Sweet is his memory to the worthy mind,
Whilst they will, 'midst the curses of mankind,
Unwept, unhonour'd, quit this earthly stage,
And leave their names to stink thro' every age.

Yet not the troubles that his mind distress'd,
Th' accumulated woes that fill'd his breast,
His captive children, sister, and his queen,
The rabble's insults, the damn'd guillotine,
Could equal half the horrid fears that spring,
And each affrighted conscience furious sting.
On their hard hearts an heav'n bred terror rolls,
And pangs infernal pierce their harrow'd souls.
O'er virtue's laws with frantic insolence,
Eternal justice, bleeding innocence,
Tho' each triumphant atheist haughty strides,
Peace cannot be where wickedness abides;
In fell ambition they perhaps will vie,
And the mad crew each other may destroy,
Or still the jarring factions may contest,
Till one prodigious villain rules the rest.

Their

Their crimes flagitious, heap'd of every kind,
Will wake the fury which no power can bind;
The treasur'd vengeance falls, at God's command,
The sword of justice glitters in his hand.

Unfeeling regicides, infernal brood,
Who stalk all hideous in your sovereign's blood,
Hell's plagues will pierce you while on earth you
stay,

And some uncommon judgment sweep away.
Thee Orleans, thee, whom heav'n and earth dis-
claim,

And human nature shudders at thy name,
In thy black soul hell's chiefest vices spring,
Traitor to God, thy country, and thy king,
For thou to be the world's disgrace wert born,
And stand the mark of universal scorn;
To have what thou deservest be thy doom,
Go, hide thy head in hell's eternal gloom.

Weak, erring mortals, to the future blind,
Complain, and wonder, why th' almighty mind
Permits these scourges of the world to rise,
On virtue's ruins towering to the skies,
And stain'd with human blood terrific stand,
And pour the fierce destruction o'er the land;
But he, the power who sees our evil ways,
And their remotest tendencies surveys,

To

To suffering virtue, and to virtue's foes,
The fit rewards, and punishments bestows
When he thinks meet; therefore proud man be still,
And stoop submissive to his sovereign will,
As men we may th' atrocious deeds deplore,
Confide in him, and tremble, and adore.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE
TO
PHIDDIPPUS.

PHIDDIPPUS, short on earth is our abode,
Learn to enjoy the life that heav'n bestow'd;
Waste not thy time in idle joys, nor mourn
To reach that port from whence there's no return;
If thro' life's voyage thou would'st smoothly glide,
Ah shun the rocks of soul-destroying pride;
Nor to ambition's gilded toys give chase,
Too short thy life to run the frantic race;
For pride, tho' born in heav'n, resides in hell,
The place for those who fall, and those who fell;
If pride the sons of heav'n could sink so low,
From highest blis to deepest dens of woe:
Ill suits it man, who journeying for a day,
Thro' the thick mists of error gropes his way:
Without our knowledge we emerge to light,
We gaze about us, and are snatch'd from sight;
Of pomp and pride we take a long farewell,
And in thick clouds of dark oblivion dwell.
What can we see on earth to make us proud,
Oft weep the wise, as folly laughs aloud,
To see with grief the virtuous bosom sigh,
Whilst the triumphant villain tow'rs on high.

Here

Here vanity adorns her gaudy train,
Who sink to night, and others rise as vain:
See, proud of wealth, of learning, or of power,
Or fading beauty, transient as a flower.
The race of man, who all with hasty flight,
Shun the sweet paths of peace for vain delight.
But yet if wealth with wit could deck the dull,
Or fill his vast vacuity of scull,
The precious purchase well would pay our toil,
But view the fool new rais'd by fortune's smile,
Distinguish'd in the list of folly's train,
Ridiculously great, and eminently vain;
But wealth, in generous minds, in lustre glows,
That, Nilus like, enriches as it flows.

See the proud tyrant, heav'n and earth he braves,
As if the globe were his, and men his slaves,
How swol'n with power, and arm'd with iron rod,
His conquering armies slaughter at his nod;
He stalks all fierce, with blood of foes embrued,
Subdues mankind, himself still unsubdued.
But power unstable, veering as the wind,
Is now to these, and now to those inclin'd,
Now rise on high, now sink the lofty fools,
A Sylla now, and now Marius rules;
Wouldst thou not laugh, to see those strut in state,
Who took such little ways to make 'em great.

Darius

Darius prosperous shone, but sunk so low,
The royal wretch was pitied by his foe;
But if a boundless power with life cou'd stay,
Yet life itself, my friend, soon slides away,
A Richard, bold in vice, by hell inspir'd,
With all the madness of ambition fir'd,
O'erturn'd whate'er oppos'd him to the throne,
In ill got pomp the gloomy monarch shone;
Nor could the crown he took such pains to gain,
His wounded conscience cure, or lull its pain,
Two years he reign'd, oppress'd with guilt and fear,
And bought the precious bawble far too dear.

Happy if men could the physician find,
To cure this mighty madness of the mind,
They spring in proud ambition's light to blaze,
Like gnats conspicuous in the solar rays,
Yet o'er the bold Gustavas' glorious light
The damn'd assassin spread the cloud of night;
Nor this fierce physic the disease subdues,
Ambitious man the same dire track pursues;
And still th' aspiring wishes to chastise,
Will future Feltons and Ravilliacs rise.

Fortune o'er power still holds supremacy,
The sport of fortune Massienelle see,
Who fish retail'd, and then he led an host,
A sovereign power how soon acquir'd, and lost;
Eight

Eight days he rul'd, with arbitrary sway,
 The ninth beheaded in a ditch he lay :
 His corse now wash'd, perfum'd, and head replac'd,
 He lay in state, with crown and sceptre grac'd,
 Strange to behold, the deadly stroke, who gave
 The rascal rabble, weeping at his grave;
 So fickle fortune's tawdry presents fly,
 So fall her favourites whom she rais'd on high;
 Some evil rushes on 'em unforeseen,
 Or death's dim curtain darkens all the scene.
 Ev'n they who from their birth in state sublime,
 In glory spend their little span of time:
 Who stalk in pomp, and scarce on earth find room,
 Strut from the cradle proudly to the tomb;
 But there each vain fantastic bubble flies,
 In dust and darkness Alexander lies.

If poor thou wert, and to be rich and great,
 Would'st mount the mighty mob to wealth and
 state,

See how the state the pseudo patriot tends;
 Bawls out the general good for private ends,
 Ah! were he able discord to create,
 And his tempestuous words o'erturn the state.
 Could he the hydra headed mob inflame,
 And wake the frenzy which he cou'd not tame,
 Such storms might happen, and such woes betide,
 Not ev'n his mighty wisdom cou'd avoid :

S

Hurl'd

Hurl'd from his height, amidst the general storm,
To let another scaramouch perform.

Nor with religious frenzy be possest,
For tho' thy mode of worship may be best,
Let not thy fiery zeal condemn the rest;
The effects which from such bigotry befall,
Let France, let Ireland, and let England tell.
The gospel to the world proclaiming grace,
Meekness, and love, and universal peace,
Did Montezuma little help afford,
From priestly pride, or Cortez' murdering sword,
As if the gospel did to them proclaim,
To murder nations in Messiah's name;
But unto thee, Phiddippus, 'tis well known,
In peace and love, religion reigns alone,
And not a spot of blood defiles her throne:
Tho' now no more the fire and faggot's seen,
Nor persecution foams with fiend-like mien,
Still different sects vindictive rant and scowl,
And rage in all the bitterness of soul,
To hate each other piously agree,
But all are wrong, if all want charity.
Are these the ministers of grace divine,
These thy disciples, Jesus, are they thine?
The word, tho' plain, yet each with curious skill,
Its sense explains, and shapes it to his will,

Each

Each thinks with him the whole of wisdom lies,
 And yet, perhaps, great Michael was as wise,
 Who not about the prophet's corse wou'd jar,
 When hell's grim monarch urg'd the wordy war,
 The prince of angels shunn'd the strife absurd,
 Nor gave the saucy devil one railing word.

Nor let thy great endowments swell thy mind,
 With proud disdain to view th' unletter'd hind;
 Mount on the morning's golden wings, and fly
 With the bright sun, along the glittering sky;
 Roam from the east to west, from pole to pole,
 To distant suns, and see their planets roll,
 On fancy's pinions take thy boundless flight,
 From heav'n's wide realms to deep tartarian night.
 Then to thy little planet speed thy way,
 Survey thy brittle tenement of clay,
 Let in corruption pray thee be confin'd,
 Thy tow'ring soul, thy great majestic mind.
 When Newton rose to heav'n, a glorious ghost,
 Pray what remain'd, some valued clay at most,
 A precious feast for worms, each fine idea lost. }
 'Tis true, the soul by learning is refin'd,
 And form'd for pleasures of th' ethereal kind,
 But only humble minded men can rise,
 And tread those courts where knowledge never dies.

Let

Let not thy mind be torn with care and strife,
 Amid the sad vicissitudes of life,
 For joys that please thee, one by one will leave,
 Friend after friend, swift sinking to the grave;
 Resign thyself to heav'n, nor whine and cry,
 Not great Augustus, could the loss supply.
 When death un pitying forc'd his friends away,
 To their long lodging, in the bed of clay.
 Soon thou wilt sink with shades of night o'erspread,
 And join the silent nations of the dead.

But let not death, nor all its horrors fright,
 Thou wilt not sleep in everlasting night,
 Tho' earth's vain glories from thee ever fly,
 A purer light will strike thy ravish'd eye,
 If dim to reason's eye this truth appears,
 The word of God thy doubts and darkness clears;
 Would'st thou believe the promise God hath made,
 Or let the gloomy infidel persuade
 With learned gibberish, zealously inclin'd,
 To shut the pleasing prospect from the mind?
 Doth God but let us just behold the light,
 To sink forgotten in eternal night;
 Inspire with hope to tread th' ethereal plain,
 And give the faculties of mind in vain?
 And can what Hobbes and tuneful Carus say,
 Or damp thy ardour, or obscure the way?

Let

Let not their shallow schemes perplex thy brain,
Compose thyself to sleep, for thou wilt wake again.
For soon the earth itself will end, and all
Its whole duration is a point so small,
That well an angel on the starry plain,
Might to his kindred spirit use this strain:
The bubble of a world arose, and burst again. }
In that dread day the good, with glad surprise,
Will wake, and from the sleep of death arise;
For ever leave their dwellings in the dust,
Spring to the skies, and mingle with the just.
Then will the righteous man, in virtue bold,
His proud oppressors without fear behold,
Bright as he stands amidst the heav'nly train,
Shall see his stern tormentors doom'd to pain.
Whilst stung with pains of hell they lift their eyes,
And see him crown'd with glory in the skies;
And, in the bitterness of anguish say,
Is that the man late vex'd with dire dismay,
Shunn'd and abhorr'd by us, and laugh'd to scorn,
How does an heav'nly light his brows adorn?
Exalted now to heav'n's august abodes,
Beauteous he shines, companion to the gods,
To thee, Phiddippus, be the task assign'd,
To keep th' idea always in thy mind,
When he who all things made permits that day
Destructive fire to sweep his works away,

The

The hosts of hell and heav'n will present be,
And thou, and I, and all mankind will see,
When thro' the broad expanse th' archangel flies,
The mighty judge, the God, the God, he cries,
He comes, he comes, the loud celestial sound,
Rings thro' the sky, and heav'n and earth rebound.
Mankind astonish'd, view the form divine,
And trembling see the distant glories shine.
The virtuous man lifts up his lofty head,
And waits his coming with an holy dread;
Stupid the wicked stand, and pale with fears,
The dazzling majesty of heav'n appears.
A storm of light before his presence flies,
And rolls refulgent thro' the blazing skies;
How alter'd then will be the face of things,
When tyrants tremble at this King of kings.
He, who insulted and despis'd below,
As round him heav'n's effulgent armies bow,
All terrible in wrath impetuous throws,
The fierce destruction on his impious foes;
The monster train, who slew him, view, and now
As gloomy horror dwells on every brow,
The vilest stands, with horrid guilt oppress'd,
And agonizing woes that tear his breast;
His look ferocious gone, on his black soul
The pangs of hell, and deadly tortures roll.
Whilst thus exclaims th' astonish'd decide,
And is that he who late on Calvary dy'd,

Who

Who writh'd in pain, whilst we insulted round,
 And with a thorny crown his sacred temples bound;
 What cruel demon did our souls inspire,
 To see unmov'd that innocence expire?
 Now, mighty in his wrath, we see him rise,
 Whilst the ripe vengeance sparkles in his eyes,
 Eternal death hangs o'er us, and we go
 Mix with our kindred fiends; and groan in hell be-
 low.

When this dread day arrives, Phiddippus, say,
 What looks will wear the thoughtless and the gay?
 How those appear who pass'd their days in strife,
 To catch the fleeting vanities of life?
 What fears that brutal courage will succeed,
 When those proud men, who made whole nations
 bleed,
 Shall gaze around, and with astonish'd eyes,
 Behold their slaughter'd thousands glorious rise;
 In vain the wicked groan, or wish to fly,
 Or whelm'd beneath the mountain's weight to lie.
 Thro' thickest veil his heav'nly eyes explore,
 Their groans, and cries, can move his breast no more
 The die is cast, eternal bliss or woe,
 Is now the lot of every man below.
 For this important hour, my friend, prepare,
 Tho' fortune spread her every glittering snare,
 Her brightest glories are not worth thy care,

} The

The man whom wealth and honours crown to day,
To morrow view, his honours fade away;
His wealth he leaves, to death's dark chambers hies,
Where Crassus poor as Epictetus lies.
In virtue's road still be thy steps confin'd,
And vice be ever hateful to thy mind.
Which, Proteus like, in every shape appears,
Her odious visage smiles deceitful wears.
She tears the soul with anger's furious storm,
Or in fair beauty's fascinating form,
She spreads the gay temptation to the sight,
Pollutes the soul, and poisons with delight;
Let not the wily monster thee subdue,
But with divine disdain her each allurement view.
Be humble then, learn what thou hast to prize,
Check thy aspiring wishes, and be wise;
Nor let thy strong desires, or noisy strife,
Destroy the little happiness of life,
Smooth as the lovely orbs thy course be driv'n,
Shine in the place allotted thee by heav'n,
Tho' prosperous fortune flow not on thee fast,
Yet manage well the little stock thou hast,
With cheerful soul thy way thro' life pursue,
And the bright side of every object view.
Laugh while thou liv'st, be innocently gay,
Unnotic'd live, and slyly slip away.

THE
IRISH BURIAL.
IN TWO CANTOS.

“ They weep, and place him on the bed of state ;
“ A melancholy choir attend around
“ With plaintive sighs, and music’s solemn sound :
“ Alternately they sing, alternate flow
“ Th’ obedient tears, melodious in their woe.”

POPE’S HOMER, II. xxiv. v. 899.

CANTO I.

CASTALIAN virgins, sister muses tell,
Poor Dermot’s death, and howling funeral,
And bear your servant o’er the rolling main,
And soft descend on Courtnasherry’s plain :
There Dermot liv’d, an honest simple swain,
Laborious, frugal, patient, and humane ;
Content and rich, for wealth was not his care,
The little that he had the world might share.

When the benighted traveller appear’d,
Good Dermot’s smile his drooping spirits cheer’d ;

T

The

The kindling furze a kindly warmth afford,
The warm potatoes smoke upon the board,
Before his guest the salted herring lies,
The stranger with the best his hand supplies.
They sup, and round the hearth all seated bland,
The pipe convivial, tofs from hand to hand;
And now they tell the pleasing dreadful tale
Of wandering ghosts, seen gliding o'er the vale.
And round their much lov'd habitations move;
Th' affrighted swains no longer dare to rove,
Till priests with holy drops, in solemn form,
The place besprinkle round, and mass perform;
Away the spectres fly, and goblins fell,
Scar'd with the sacred tinkling of the bell.

No spleen good Dermot's peaceful mind possess,
Nor idle fears of want disturb'd his rest:
His fatten'd pigs the landlord's rent supply'd,
With what remain'd, he bought his rustic pride:
In woollen hose and brogues he tript the plain,
In the coarse coat all gruffly look'd the swain;
His broken fences the sharp furze secures,
And with the sea-weed he his fields manures;
E'er winter bound the earth in icy chains,
He digg'd the turf, of furze he stript the plains
For winter's fire, and from Kinsale, with care
The sprats and haddocks fetch'd, his frugal fare;

Not

Nor were potatoes, his chief food, e'er lost,
For, wrapt in straw, they scorn'd the winters frost :
Thus cautious he laid in his winter's hoard,
His wife and children grace'd his homely board, }
The pigs devour'd, the leavings of their lord.
Soon as Aurora spread her purple ray,
He with the lark arose, and hail'd the day;
Industrious in his fields he pass'd his hours,
Shew'd as he work'd his various tuneful powers;
The rustic song, and piercing whistle, flew
With tuneful sound, till he from toils withdrew :
At night he to his family appear'd,
Where awful in his grandfire's seat enchair'd, }
August, in state, the rural monarch rear'd,
And now well pleas'd he ate his frugal meal,
His wife industrious twirl'd her flaxen wheel;
His daughters, by the rushes' feeble gleam,
Or darn'd his hose, or clos'd the rented seam.
Oft at his cot, when evening came, appear'd
Patrick the warrior, Donavan the bard;
This sung th' exploits of all the country round,
Whilst that for hardy deeds was high renown'd;
The bard had lately rais'd his tuneful lays,
And Paddy's stern opponent dar'd to praise,
Which to the quick had stung the hero's mind,
He kept at distance and in secret pin'd.

And

And in diversion oft was Dermot seen,
 When lads and lasses frolick'd on the green ;
 Each sabbath day they sprightly danc'd around,
 To the sweet bagpipes' soft enchanting sound.

He constant at the famous * well appear'd,
 By all the croud most piously rever'd ;

* Near Courtmasherry is a spring, which, as the story goes, was found by an Englishman who settled near the place ; he was, it seems, continually haunted in his sleep by an apparition, which led him to the place, and ordered him to seek for water ; he accordingly digged, and found an excellent spring, he built a tower over it, with three seats in it, and named it Trinity well.

On Trinity Sunday a prodigious multitude of people assemble from all parts of the country to hear mass celebrated on the mountains ; there are temporary huts erected near the well, where all kinds of spirituous liquors are retailed ; it is curious to observe, when the service is ended, how the crowd march in procession on their knees through the water, which, issuing from the well, forms a small lake around it ; at the same time they pour the water down their sleeves and bosoms, and strike their breasts with their fists with great vehemence.

When they have gone three times in this manner round the well, they immediately repair to the huts : where, being soon inebriated with liquor, some one amongst them, recollecting a blow he received the year before, marches out of the hut, and, actuated by fury and revenge, with a loud and fierce voice, and with many imprecations, challenges the person who struck him to battle ; if the other is within

He

He saw th' atchievements of each boisterous blade,
Their feats of valour annual he survey'd :
Thus past the days of Dermot, free from pride,
Few were his wants, and easily supply'd ;
Pleas'd with the lot that providence had giv'n,
Nor peevish murmur'd at the will of heav'n ;
Death came at last, nor did he come before
The novelty of Dermot's life was o'er ;
For had a thousand years the tyrant stay'd,
The same continued scene had been display'd.
'Twas in the evening, cloth'd in sober gray,
That Dermot's spirit took its dreary way :
The sun, with his departing beam, had giv'n
A thousand hues to all the western heav'n ;

hearing, or any of his adherents, he is immediately answered in as fierce a manner.

The crowd, consisting of many thousands of persons, espouse the cause of one or other of the disputants. It is not in the power of words to give an adequate description of this scene, every-one of them is armed with a stout cudgel, which they brandish with amazing dexterity, and fall upon one another with incredible fury : the fight lasts sometimes for many hours, always till the weaker party are entirely beaten off.

They extol one another according to the degree of valour they they have shewn in the battle ; whilst those who are beaten, wait with impatience the next annual meeting, that they may have an opportunity to satisfy their revenge.

The

The broad fac'd owl, for deeds of death prepar'd,
From its close covert flew th' unholy bird.

Now the low roof resounds with frantic cries,
And different yells in mingled tumults rise;
But chief the wife, and the afflicting sound
The pigs and children catch, and propagate it round;
From hut to hut the doleful tidings fly,
Grief wrings each heart, and tears bedew each eye;
To blythe Cuhawn's the doleful story came,
By sale of beer who gather'd pence and fame;
Two jovial cripples there had fix'd their stay,
To quaff in ale the gleanings of the day;
They both agree to Dermot's wake to go,
Tho' cold the night, and hard the drifted snow;
Nay ev'n Cuhawn, the son of Bromius, goes,
Venturing to frosty air his ever-blushing nose.

Who at the wake arriv'd, and what befel
When all were met, Ah! sweet Thalia tell:
First at the cot with eager haste was seen,
The blooming fair, the delicate Kawteen;
Shy was her lover, for she came alone,
Amidst the general grief to lose her own.
Now comes a throng with wild tumultuous sound,
Behold the dead, and take their seats around;
Patrick came next, an hardy sturdy knight,
Victorious oft, and bruis'd in many a fight,

And

And deep indented on his wrinkled brows,
The marks confess'd the multitude of blows:
When devotees surround the sacred well,
And humbly kneel, and the long beadroll tell,
Whilst on their solid chests each thump resounds,
Shrill echo hears and back each stroke rebounds;
On their bar'd knees their painful march they take,
Thro' where the waters form a kind of lake,
And down their sleeves and on their breasts they
pour

The cleaning stream, a comfortable shower.
Till purg'd from every stain, each crime subdued,
All the religious mummeries conclude:
Which done, the huts to visit none doth fail,
Where Bacchus in the shape of muddy ale,
Or nauseous gin, or whiskey's fiery juice,
The passions fires, which strange effects produce,
The noxious liquor fills the maddening brain,
They run, they roar, they thunder o'er the plain;
As hatred or as envy leads they fly,
With oaths and threats resounds the vaulted sky;
Each adverse faction, by their leaders side,
Their haughty foe survey with savage pride;
And sudden now, proclaiming hideous war,
A grove of cudgels rise aloft in air.
Fierce to the fight his host brave Patrick led,
The stout Shillela flourish'd o'er his head,

His

His foes behold him (fear arrests each limb)
Gigantic stand, superlatively grim,
He springs resistless, with terrific might,
And swift o'erturns th' opposers in the fight.
Their arms of crabtree, or of oak, are vain,
All broke, they fly in fragments o'er the plain;
Th' obdurate chief, on all sides bended low,
Yet frown'd defiance with an haughty brow.

To honour thee, O Dermot, next appear'd
The tuneful Donavan, the museful bard;
What tho' his meals were poor, his beverage thin,
Deep drunk was he with heliconian gin:
Ye progeny of Jove, immortal nine,
What could your love to Donavan incline;
Was it his whitish wig, where far below,
His matted locks in sable ringlets flow,
Which to divide with comb he never tries,
Secure the biting generation lies?
Whose shirt adorn'd with many colour'd stains,
Since first put on a resident remains;
Was your hearts wounded with his bushy beard,
When to your sight the plenteous crop appear'd,
Where flow—descending from its length unbid,
Flows down the sweet quintessence of the quid,
Or did you all his beauteous form explore
Bedeck'd with dirt, with snuff embroidered o'er;

Perhaps

Perhaps his reverend face your hearts beguil'd,
Not wash'd since Anna's days, nor then with soap
defil'd?

Whate'er the cause could your chaste bosoms fire,
By you inspir'd he struck the sounding lyre:
And lately sung how at the holy spring,
Great Dennis' cudgel made the vallies ring;
At this you smil'd, and bound his brows with bays,
The bard was crown'd with poverty and praise:
But Patrick rancorous ey'd him, as he came,
Yet smother'd in his breast the rising flame;
And as the poet sate, drew close the while,
And thus accosts him with fictitious smile:
Pray, honour'd bard, relate the dreadful fray,
That happen'd lately on that sacred day;
On adverse hills how black battalions low'rd,
And how indignant on the plain they pour'd;
Repeat thy hoarse rebellowing verse, and tell
How Dennis triumph'd, and how Patrick fell,
And whilst with broken pate he loud did roar,
Rush'd o'er his fiery eyes the spouting gore:
But would thy verse with Patrick's actions glow,
Who rose in wrath terrific o'er his foe,
More vigorous from his fall, Antæus like,
Resum'd the war, leap'd lightly o'er the dyke,
And forc'd the hero and his train to fly,
Swift o'er the field, loud howling to the sky;

What rich reward hath Donavan obtain'd,
 What mighty meed from generous Dennis gain'd;
 Didst thou from him and all his wild cawbogues,
 Collect as much as would repair thy brogues?
 Because I love the truth, reply'd the bard,
 I'm pleas'd, for virtue is its own reward.
 When Paddy thus, adversity can find
 No arts to bend thy loftiness of mind,
 Sublimely poor, thou sitt'st and starv'st in state,
 For on Parnassus lies thy large estate.
 Did e'er fat beeves move o'er thy barren soil,
 Cabbage or turnips e'er reward thy toil?
 Plough till thy heart-strings ache, thy eye will see
 No waving corn e'er crown thy industry.
 Better hadst thou ne'er ought but fences made,
 'Tis true the quill is lighter than the spade,
 Apollo's votaries love their idle trade;
 But if the tuneful trulls to thee are kind,
 Whence all this tribulation of thy mind?
 Intent for ever on the tinkling chime,
 Thy soul is rack'd to find the precious rhyme,
 Which hid amidst the motley mass of words,
 Is dragg'd to light, and all its aid affords
 To grace thy page, whilst the poor harmless tool
 Sustains the sneer of every prating fool;
 I, as a friend, advise thee to give o'er,
 Be wise, and be the muses' drudge no more;

Nor

Nor let the public, after all thy strife,
Damn in one hour the labours of thy life.

E'er now, the poet cry'd, my humble lays
Have been the subject, Patrick, of thy praise;
Heav'n, that ordain'd my thoughts to soar on high,
Thought fit all worldly riches to deny;
Let honour or contempt my pains succeed,
Still will I write, and whoso will may read:
To whom the hero, be thou still abus'd,
No physic cures th' unhappy fool bemus'd;
But if thy sounding verse still rumble on,
First wash thy dirty face in Helicon;
Then, drunk with fame, sing on thou rhyming sot,
Of storms arising in thy chamber-pot.
But poor thy praises here, and small thy gains,
Immur'd in mountains, 'midst illiterate swains;
Quit thou this place, which ill thy genius suits,
Nor stay, like Orpheus, fiddling to the brutes.
Haste, hence away, Favonius, waft thee o'er,
The land of Newtons and of Lockes explore;
Perhaps thou may'st, when all thy cash is gone,
Beg such a dose as settled Chatterton.
The clay thou hadst from earth thou may'st restore,
Then the poor poet will be poor no more.
But, if thou liv'st, I'd have thee watch and see,
Observe that noble nation's vanity:

Now

Now they no more the sovereign pontiff heed,
But each bold Briton hath a different creed;
As each ungovern'd fancy is inclin'd,
In all the ways that wanton wit can find.
Religion in improvement, thou wilt see
Keep pace with muslins and philosophy.
Our bulls divert, and with sarcastic soul
They laugh, and ridicule our Irish howl.
Go thou to Britain, and their pastimes see,
Retort the laugh, and prove 'em fools as we;
Then may'st thou jovial come thy friends among,
And charm Ierne's mountains with thy song.
Dar'st thou, quoth Donavan, that race decry,
Whose follies have an air of dignity?
Blame not that land, by wanton malice led,
That Boyles and Bacons, Popes and Drydens bred.

Yet thou wouldst laugh, quoth Paddy, to survey
These lofty sages in their sportive play,
What high delight in cruelty they feel,
They arm their cocks with artificial heel:
As the bold birds indignant rush to fight,
They view each bloody stroke with high delight.
When Lent is over thou might'st see, I vow,
(But fasting there's not fashionable now)
The crowd collect, and seize, with horrid cries,
And toss the sprawling damsel to the skies.
But the soft sex but wait another day,

The

The stout viragos then their feats display;
They toss in air each bumkin that they meet,
Whilst the loud laugh re-echoes thro' the street.
Those, cry'd the bard, who such deep arts display,
Should drive th' indecent custom far away.
I have, quoth Pat, Tong Fold's gay fair explor'd,
To celebrate the second Charles restor'd;
The loyal youthful crowd with rapture goes,
To rouse the monarch from his annual doze,
Who peaceful slept, in lofty hay-roost laid,
Disturb'd to be with cumbersome pomp array'd,
And borne aloft, the long procession leads
Of flowery garlands, and of buxom maids;
In reverend oak they fix his highness' grace,
Where scarce the leaves conceal his sacred face;
In solemn state he o'er the crowd appears,
Nor frowns nor smiles the royal visage wears:
The bard ascends the turvy bench, and sings
Of troubled times, of wars, and injur'd kings;
How all the nations lay involv'd in night,
Till mighty Charles arose, and gave 'em light;
With joy relates, how spite of roundhead wits,
Safe in the tree his wooden sovereign sits.
But Liptrot now is dead, ye poets weep,
And every ode doth with its author sleep:
Liptrot, whom e'en the god of verse had fir'd,
And with his own harmonious notes inspir'd;

Tho'

Tho' e'en Apollo deign'd to wreath his brow,
O'erlook'd when living, and forgotten now.
Hadst thou been there at this solemnity,
Then had the laureat's crown devolv'd on thee,
Thou might'st have sung thy king to after times,
And charm'd the regions round with gaudy rhymes;
How he's a model now of temperance,
Nor needs a pension of a king of France;
How every laugh is quietly inurn'd,
The royal joker to a stoic turn'd.
Were they, reply'd the bard, at that fam'd fair,
Ferocious as our wild Hibernians are?
Such sports as these are useful to mankind,
They feast the fancy, and unbend the mind.
Hold, soft and fair, quoth Pat, be not inclin'd,
To think 'em all of such a gentle mind:
If thou one wild audacious sport didst see,
The mighty mob appears as fierce as we,
Where each with lofty look the law disdains,
For once I saw the bold Boltonian swains,
With wooden shoes, with iron plated strong,
Fierce o'er the rattling pavement roll along:
A bladder pent within a leathern case
Was toss'd aloft, a smile array'd each face.
There might'st thou see some hero rush along,
Chief of his party, agile, bold, and strong;
With such a force he kicks the bounding ball,
His footing fails, and earth receives his fall;

But

But from his downfal quick, with force alert,
He riles in the dignity of dirt;
His lovely form th' enraptur'd crowds explore,
So thick with stinking honours spatter'd o'er,
The shouts of loud applause torment the skies;
Elate with fame, his hands, his feet, his eyes
Are all employ'd his hard-earn'd fame to keep,
Scarce thro' the thick spread mire his eye-balls
peep;

Yet to'ard the ball with furious haste doth go,
Swift as an arrow leaves the twangling bow,
Amidst the croud the hero rushes quick,
With joy receives each honourable kick:
An universal uproar rings around,
Contending clogs and crashing windows sound,
Confusion, tumult, riot reign o'er all:
Now on the river falls the dancing ball,
The croud, array'd in majesty of mud,
Impetuous plunge, amid the roaring flood;
Fierce as Pelides in Scamander's wave,
They strike, and kick, and all their bodies lave.
Not Alexander cross'd the Granic stream
With mightier force, or greater thirst of fame,
Nor aught can drive away this boisterous scene,
(Ambition in some form in all is seen)
Or from their much lov'd ancient custom draw,
Not dungeon dark, or iron fang of law,

But,

But, martyr like, they, by no threats subdued,
 Stand to their cause with noble fortitude.*
 Search all the world, quoth Donavan, around,
 Where is the place that folly is not found?
 'Tis true these things are odious and absurd,
 But our own isle doth blacker deeds afford:
 The Irish, fam'd in every country round,
 For true urbanity, in arms renown'd,
 Fearless and bold, impatient of controul,
 With boundless generosity of soul;
 Heed not themselves, but melt at others moan,
 And, for a stranger's life, expose their own:
 But search this hospitable country through,
 What groveling villains would appear to view:
 Dost thou not know the farmer late so blythe,
 Who paid, as law requires, the stated tythe;
 How did the vengeful rascals all unite,
 With hellish rancour fill'd, and venom'd spite,
 His cattle maim'd, and gash'd with many a wound,
 Slow as they mov'd, they dy'd with blood the ground;
 Their ears and tails lopt off, a dismal shew,
 In dumb expressive eloquence of woe;
 I saw 'em pass my cot, with grief inspir'd,
 And rage vindictive all my spirit fir'd;

* The foot-ball play, which appeared so ridiculous to Patrick, does not at present exist; for, by the active exertions of the magistrates, this foolish custom is totally abolished.

Never

Never again may I behold the light,
If my blood froze not at the horrid sight.
If some wild ruffian, with lascivious eye,
Should some unhappy blooming virgin spy,
By kindred rogues assisted, furious tears,
And from her friends the shrieking damsel bears;
Before the priest th' audacious villain stands,
And fierce the matrimonial rites demands:
But the good priest refuses to comply,
Till gold display'd, and pistol lifted high,
So strongly plead with two-fold energy. }
Ne'er will I cease such actions to reprove,
Abhorr'd by men below, and heav'n above;
While e'er my soul the love of virtue fires,
While beats my heart, and while the muse inspires,
Each rogue I'll blast, by all th' unspotted nine,
And to eternal infamy consign,
He spoke, the hero swell'd with martial pride,
Rais'd high his crabtree cudgel, and reply'd;
Now, by saint Patrick, whose great name I bear,
An hero too as he, by him I swear,
That if thou wilt run after barren fame,
And sound to distant times some warrior's name.
Embrace my cause, desponding Dennis flee,
My acts shall give eternity to thee:
View my next actions at the sacred well,
To Patrick's glory wind the deep-ton'd shell,

Tho' this wise age thy works may view with
scorn,

They may, in some mean cot they do adorn,
Be found by some Macpherson yet unborn:

Then all who fight with sticks thro' every age,
Shall read with rapture, and adore thy page;

Wealth thou hast none, thou shalt partake of mine,
A coat, and wig, and hat, shall all be thine:

Thy linen wash'd, a razor fit to shave,

Thou shalt th' enjoyment of my table have:

He spoke, the bard with gratitude was fir'd,

And mutual interest mutual love inspir'd.

CANTO

CANTO II.

THUS commun'd they, the radiant queen of
night,

O'er the broad ocean shed her silver light,
The twinkling stars bespangle o'er the skies,
Sublime the rocks of Courtnasherry rise ;
Each hill in solemn grandeur stands array'd,
And the thick forests cast a deeper shade,
The twirling leaves, obsequious to the breeze,
In quivering armies tremble on the trees.
Th' aquatic fowl sport o'er the briny wave,
And long neck'd herons th' airy regions cleave ;
Appears in lovely green the smiling mead,
The dew drops glittering on the quivering blade,
Whilst round poor Dermot's corse the croud appear,
And view his clay-cold limbs with many a tear :
Two imag'd angels o'er his head were plac'd,
And with a crucifix his feet was grac'd,
Which superstitious piety did raise,
And twelve tall candles pour the solemn blaze.

The opening door disclos'd the widow'd fair,
With frantic gesture, and dishevell'd hair,
In sable weeds array'd, a dismal show,
In all the sad solemnity of woe :

By

By her dead husband kneels, and heaves the sigh,
Shines thro' the pearly tears her glistening eye,
As when a flower, in bloom of nature gay,
Pride of the smiling plains, perfumes the day,
On its sweet stem descend the dews divine,
Bright thro' the lucid drops its beauties shine.
Thus Moyra shew'd, and bow'd her lovely head,
And thus (the sighs oft interrupting) said:
Ah what avails to heav'n my ardent prayer,
Ah where's the balm that will sooth my care,
Grief and despair for ever cloud my mind,
And the sad cypress must my temples bind:
My schemes of rural pleasures all are gone,
All, all th' ideal happiness is flown,
Now void of comfort is my mournful mind,
Why didst thou die, and leave thy wife behind?
Why wouldst thou leave these comforts of thy life,
Thy prattling children, and thy tender wife?
Could not these pigs, fast growing, stop thy flight,
These geese, these ducks, these hens, a pleasing sight?
See, to invite thy stay, the beef on high,
In chimney hung, alluring to the eye,
Nay scarce the smoke can force a passage by;
See thy potatoes how they crowd around,
And loads on loads unnumber'd heap the ground:
Thy plenteous vessels do with milk o'erflow,
Large heaps of turf and surze to warm when north
winds blow.

These

These riches could not make thee longer stay,
Or stop thee in the sad and cheerless way;
In vain thy orchard various fruit display'd,
In vain thy cattle low'd along the mead.

For thee the holy priest shall mass perform,
And shield thy spirit from the fiery storm;
What cash I have I'll all to prayers apply,
From purgatory thou shalt mount on high,
And spotless as a lamb ascend the sky.

The widow thus, and mournful she appears,
Down her fair face incessant roll the tears;
And, rising from the ground, as form requires,
She sad and slow, and with a shriek retires;
Whilst all the crowd responsive groan around,
And, *Hologone*, all the rooms resound.

As when a goose, from its companions stray'd,
Sends out th' enquiring voice along the mead,
Quick to the well known sound its mates reply,
Wide o'er the fields is spread the friendly cry;
From flock to flock they propagate the sound,
Till the full cackling concert rings around.
So sounds the chorus of melodious woe,
The squeaking matron's griefs in treble flow,
And whilst in various notes each strain excels,
The rough broad base of strong lung'd Patrick swells,
Rushing high sounding from capacious throat,
Spreads o'er the rest, and saddens every note.

Now

Now rustic sports begin, a frantic show,
And noisy mirth succeeds the burst of woe,
But soon triumphant grief again appears,
Arrays each face, and fills each eye with tears;
The sweet Kawteen, now kneeling by the dead,
Heav'd the sad sigh, as mournfully she said:
My Dermot, did thy neighbours e'er thee flight,
That made thee take thy everlasting flight?
If so it was, yet, Oh my dear Deneen,
Thou never wast offended by Kawteen:
Of all my neighbours, thee I lov'd the most;
Ah tell my father's dear departed ghost,
How my dear Terence wedlock doth delay,
Appears at distance still the marriage day;
Say how the pig with money me supply'd,
The pig he left, when he took pet and dy'd;
That at my wheel I two-pence earn each day,
That I've potatoes that will last till May:
No thoughts of want my happiness can blast,
Each day still finds me happier than the last;
Quite happy, would my Terry earnest woo,
Ah tell him Dermot, arrah honey, do,
She ceas'd, again the crowd express their woes,
Still o'er the rest brave Patrick's voice arose;
As when some herd, loud howling to the skies,
O'er the wide plains the bellowing concert flies;
With sound superior, rattling to the shores,
In lordly pride, the bull imperious roars.

In

In quick transition now, the sportive play
 They all partake, and every face looks gay:
 Now to the dead the warrior doth repair,
 And on him gaz'd with formidable stare,
 View'd his pale face, his eyes all clos'd in night,
 And his stern visage soften'd at the sight;
 Tears from his eyes in plenteous torrents ran,
 Sonorously he sobb'd, and thus began:
 For thee these virgin tears, dear Dermot, flow,
 O, could I snatch thee from the caves below,
 And angry Pluto well appeas'd should be,
 I'd send a thousand to the shades for thee;
 Wert thou alive, thou should'st not go away,
 If this shillela could prolong thy stay:
 If ten stout men should come to bid thee die,
 To thy assistance should thy Paddy hie,
 And round their heads my rattling cudgel fly;
 But death, dear Dermot, at thee launch'd his spear,
 And left the rascals, whom we well might spare.
 For ever gone, and left us all alone:
Hologone, O yeah, O ghra, O hone!
 Thus loud he vents the sorrows of his soul,
 The answering crowd repeated howl for howl.

When now the venerable bard arose,
 And thus, in strains harmonious, sings his woes:
 Begin, sweet muse, begin the dirgic lay,
 Sing Dermot's better part is snatch'd away,

And

And borne to happier climes, as fate decreed,
 From sorrow, and the toils of mortals freed.
 Nor let us at the stroke of death exclaim,
 For what is life? a shadow and a dream.
 We wish to live, yet feel no solid joy,
 Just rise to life, and look around and die.
 We like the wither'd leaves, when tempests rise,
 Are toss'd around, and flutter in the skies.
 O Dermot, O my friend, thou would'st away,
 Had Graham been here, not Graham had made
 thee stay:

Thou, spite of all his nostrums would'st have fled,
 Or his celestial, or terrestrial bed.
 Perhaps, still hovering o'er his native coast
 To hear our plaint, attends dear Dermot's ghost;
 Or else, as Ossian sings, may ride on high,
 On some gay cloud, soft skimming thro' the sky:
 But if to other orbs the spirit's bound,
 A more illustrious world hath Dermot found:
 Perhaps in Jupiter, if we could see,
 He with the natives holds community;
 But if thy spirit, Dermot, free can rove,
 Thro' blue ethereal fields exultingly doth move,
 Would I were with thee, our bright course we'd
 bend

Thro' the wide heav'ns, the poet and the friend;
 On the huge comet we might take our stand,
 Our sight would an unbounded view command:

Six centuries, amazing tour, to fly,
And gazing round, with Katterfelto's eye;
O with extatic bliss my soul runs o'er,
Wonders like him, or any man before.
But, Ah! farewell, the grave thy corse demands,
Where Timoleague's most ancient abby stands;
Upon thy grave sweet scented flowers shall bloom,
And wide around will shed the sweet perfume:
And as we search where lies thy honour'd head,
And read th' inscriptions o'er the silent dead,
Soon as thine meets our sad enquiring eyes,
The trickling tear shall tell where Dermot lies.
Thus spoke the bard, and, struck with grief
 profound,
Th' assembly sobb'd, and deeply groan'd around.
Thus Niagara, rattling to the poles,
Hoarse from on high the stream resistless rolls;
The thundering waters loudly roar around,
The rocks, the woods, and heav'n return the sound.
Such the sweet notes that honour'd Dermot's clay,
And owls and bats affrighted fled away.

Aurora now had rais'd her radiant head,
And all the east with rosy blushes spread;
The tow'ring lark ascends the laughing skies,
From every grove the songs of gladness rise:
While Dermot's friends to Timoleague prepare,
To his long home his honour'd corse to bear;

Y

Before

Before the bier, with solemn steps and slow,
Move the old men, and mourn with silent woe,
With staves their feeble limbs are taught to go; }
And next the relatives move slow along,
Then the thick crowd, a huge promiscuous throng;
And, as they go, their voices clamorous rise,
The rocks and caves rebound, and bellow to the
 skies,

To distant swains the sounds wide spreading roll,
Who view the crowd, and join the general howl:
Now to the abby come, with moss o'ergrown,
Which hath for ages cover'd every stone:
They low in earth the lifeless body lay,
And the last doleful debt to nature pay.
The widow'd fair distracted clasps the ground,
And sighs, and sobs, and with a mournful sound
Desires the dead to speak a last adieu,
In vain the briny tears the ground bedew.
And if for years the dead is laid at rest,
Still o'er the grave she weeps and beats her breast;
Unless a second spouse her grief assuage,
And in a different track her thoughts engage.

THE CRICKET.

MY merry insect, could'st thou know,
What joy to me thy chirps bestow,
Thy cheerful note would higher rise,
Till Somnus settled on my eyes.
Did thee Apollo deign to warm,
And give thy music power to charm?
Of Phœbus thou dost nothing know,
Inspir'd by warmth and silence thou.
Perhaps 'tis thy connubial call;
Thy nymph, in crevice of the wall,
Delighted hears the well known note,
That quivers from thy little throat;
And by the ember's glimmering light,
Spreads her brown beauties to thy sight:
Ah! if to her, or if to me,
Thy charming chirp directed be,
So sweetly issuing from thy cell,
Tho' not so sweet as Philomel;
Cease not thy extacies to pour,
And gild the solemn midnight hour;
So may the mop forbear to shed,
Its dirty deluge on thy head;

And

And may the maiden's lively eyes
A sudden sleepiness surprize ;
But, supper o'er, hie to her room,
And leave untouch'd th' ungodly broom,
Which often fills thee with dismay,
And sweeps the scatter'd crumbs away.
So, wishing all that can delight,
I give thee thanks, and bid good night.

ROGER.

ROGER.

A TALE.

IN Lancashire liv'd, as tradition relates,
One Roger, with happiness crown'd by the fates:
A weaver so merry, so rosy, and plump,
At his strong velverets full stout he did thump.
His head he ne'er troubled with Newton, or Flaccus
Nor worship'd Minerva, or jolly fac'd Bacchus;
On dearly lov'd guineas he constant was raving,
And tho' he got little he ever was saving:
By dint of industry a cow he posses'd,
And fifty bright guineas fast lock'd in his chest;
With a fair loving wife who his garments could
mend,
Liv'd happy, and likewise was blest'd with a friend:
In arts of deep cunning consummate his skill,
His Achates, his Pylades, or what you will.
With him he would chat when retir'd from his loom,
And whiffs of mundungus diffus'd their perfume.
He work'd and he sung, with wonderful pleasure,
He smoak'd at his pipe, and he peep'd at his treasure.

How careless we sleep on security's lap,
Nor dream what misfortunes in future may hap,

For

For fortune began (fickle jilt) for to reel,
And to turn madly round her whirligig wheel;
For Charley in hope to be monarch set forth,
And landed his legions all safe in the north;
Whilst rumour a million of stories was framing,
The march of the malecontents loudly proclaiming:
Whether fortune intended to try Roger's mettle,
Or to tantalize Charles, we will let the wise settle;
Nor tho' fill'd with presumption and arrogant pride,
In a thing of such consequence dare we decide:
Whate'er was her motive from 'squire to mechanic,
They quaked, and shiver'd, all struck with a panic;
And Roger tho' stout, yet he quiver'd for fear,
(For life if once lost will admit no repair.)
Some force the loud laugh, but their visage belies it,
But Roger felt fear and he could not disguise it;
With his dearly bethrothed he held consultation,
Yet could not he quiet his sad consternation;
For after they'd canvass'd and weigh'd every thought,
They just were as wise as when they set out;
Till both for friend Peter consented to send,
For neither could on their own judgment depend,
Soon Peter arrived, the synod now strengthen'd,
Thus Roger with visage most wofully lengthen'd.

O friend I am fill'd with dire tribulation,
I ne'er was so troubled about my salvation:

You

You hear how the rebels audacious are roaming,
And 'gainst our good monarch with vengeance are
foaming :

Lord bless us what uproars these rascals will foment,
And all my lifes labour be lost in a moment :

What care have I taken in chest for to lock it,
What now must be dancing in some rebels pocket ;
Good eating for this have I held in derision,
And stuff'd up my crop with the coarsest provision ;
Nor e'er took a dram to whet up my courage,
But porridge for ever succeeded to porridge ;
Each farthing took captive, and taught where to
stay,

Kept toiling and moiling when others did play.

You see with what haste every thing they take
pride in,

Both gentle, and simple, with caution are hiding.

My money to keep from such vile profanation,

Pray what must I do on this doleful occasion ?

Then Peter with countenance solemn and awful,
To seize on your property cannot be lawful ;

And I hope our good king will sufficiently teach 'em,

To scamper fast backwards or vengeance will reach
'em ;

Ambitious, and poor, for an eminent station,

They'd make a wild tyger the ruler o'th nation.

To be sure in their march they will scramble for
riches,

Yet tho' they are wicked I think they're no witches;
Perhaps with their roguish inventions we'll fit 'em,
And with a more cunning contrivance out wit 'em;
For when evening comes on in black mantle array'd
We will go to your garden with mattock and spade,
A hole we will dig, and deposit your treasure,
Which when well cover'd o'er let 'em hunt for't at
pleasure;

Nor find it unless that some fiend of perdition,
To acquaint with the place should have the per-
mission.

This counsel pleas'd Roger who forthwith embrac'd
him,

And pipe and tobacco immediately plac'd him;
Quoth Roger thy counsel to me is far sweeter,
Than treacle, or honey, delightful good Peter:
Thou hast eas'd my poor mind which with sad
thoughts was crouded,
Dispell'd with broad sunshine the darkness that
clouded.

To be short for we hate any tedious preamble,
Night came, and a hole under foliage of bramble,
Which nigh to his arbour luxuriant was growing,
They dug, and the money most careful they stow in,

And

And cautious they came in, and cautious they go
out,
For fear that the herbs, or the pebbles should know
aught.

Now Roger so blythe, his fears all discarding,
Was merry, considering his heart was 'ith' garden :
To his chamber he went, yet he thought not of
sleeping,

But out of his window kept constantly peeping;
Tho' the darkness quite stopt the sensation of seeing,
Yet his ears all alive to his fears pat agreeing,
And his soul so intent for the wise scheme to prosper,
He heard every whisper of Boreas and Auster,
He heard too the courtship of Damon and Laura,
Nor quitted his post till upmounted Aurora ;
What pity if all this strict care should miscarry,
For his eyes from the place never long they could
tarry ;

A hundred had Argus, yet all would'nt do,
What wonder if Roger be cheated with two ;
So past on the day with covetous piety,
'Twixt heart lifting hope, and mortal anxiety,
'Till night came, and hunger, which forced our
hero

To feed on repast prepar'd by spouse Sarah.
O meal inauspicious! quoth Roger, my dear,
Our money is safe, there's no shadow of fear ;

Z

But

But to leave not a vestige of doubt in my brain,
 I will go and will feel at, and cover it again.
 So saying, with caution and good heed advancing,
 To hug his dear treasure, his thoughts all entrancing,
 He open'd the hole;—if a leaf stirr'd he started,
 And he grop'd round and round,——but his cash
 was departed.

He fill'd it again, and, o'erwhelm'd with distraction,
 Went home in a state of profound stupefaction,
 Where entering, he stamp'd and he tore off his hair,
 Hethump'd on his breast, and he yell'd with despair;
 His wife stood astonish'd, with terror confounded;
 He skipt and he cry'd, as like madman he bounded.

O woful misfortune! my reason is banish'd,
 My money, my pride, and my glory is vanish'd.
 If fortune smil'd once, she now is turn'd scurvy,
 At a stroke all her favours she's turn'd topsy turvy.
 My money where gone, is past my penetration,
 But have it I will, or I'll ransack the nation;
 Let us go to the conjuror, if we be civil,
 Perhaps we may gather some good from the devil;
 Come haste let us go, I'm distracted and crazy.
 Pray calm your fierce passion, quoth Sarah, so
 please ye;
 If he have such power to restore you your self,
 He'd have conjur'd it all long since to himself;

Let

Let us go to 'squire Johnson, our landlord, with
speed,
And of his good council inform him we've need;
More sense and good nature in him doth abide,
Than in all the whole town, to do good is his pride;
Nor is he too haughty to smile on the poor:
So away they both went, and they knock'd at the
door,
The 'squire, with a look of kind condescension,
Invited to walk in their business to mention,
Into state room they strutted, where a lord might
be lodger,
He a chair reach'd for Sarah, and eke one for Roger.

Our hero began, whilst the tears did fast flow,
My days, noble 'squire, are embitter'd with woe;
The rebels advancing,—bad luck be their portions,
Have twisted my soul in a thousand contortions;
My money hard earned, full well I deserve it,
I us'd every grain of my sense to preserve it,
From falling in fangs of rebels voracious,
Off-scourings of France, blood suckers ungracious,
For with my Peter, i'th' garden I laid it,
In a hole where a wide spreading brier did o'er-
shade it;
But now it is gone, and no soul can tell where,
And my life will be nothing but grief and despair.

The

The 'squire thus reply'd, your riches 'tis plain,
Are your god, and your every notion's on gain;
You value it more than wisdom, and science,
And wholly upon it you fix your reliance.

If you're robb'd of your money the wound is incurable,

Pray fix your dependence on something more durable.

But if riches were certain, and ever would stay,
From them soon yourself would be taken away;
But you see by experience how soon they change masters,

And their loss you esteem as the worst of disasters;
Whilst of virtue and goodness there's no one could fob ye,

Nor Frenchmen, nor armies of rebels could rob ye.

Roger now was convinc'd, yet he was not converted,

Nor had yet the desire of his money deserted:

And sure to be saying (cries) is no venality,

Industry's a virtue, and so is frugality.

An honest hard labouring man may be scraping,

For ever be sowing, and never be reaping;

For a rogue in an instant may seize all his gains,

And be rich at th' expence of an honest man's pains.

If these matters be right sir, those only have true
sense,

While three halfpence would keep 'em, who'd
never get two-pence.

But you are a wise man, and wisdom is brave,

And it ever will prove too strong for a knave;

I worship your wisdom, I honour and laud it,

And, if it will serve me, I'll ever applaud it;

If it get me my cash, out of sight I'll ne'er set it,

And, till dead and rotten will never forget it.

The 'squire said (diverted to see him so eager

His cash to regain, and his visage so meagre:)

If thy money be gone, thou hast more then to
grope for,

A beggar has more than a monarch to hope for;

'Tis the charms of gay hope give the lover em-
ployment,

Till at last all his rapture is lost in enjoyment.

When he'd conquer'd the world, and no other
could creep in,

The madman of Macedon then fell a weeping.

Resume thy industry, and be thou still thrifty,

Thou may'st still lay up guineas, yea many times
fifty;

Then prithee be merry, and show thou hast patience,

Hold, hold, reply'd Roger, I'll have no evasions;

My

My loss may divert you, to me 'tis provoking,
 I don't find myself in a humour for joking.
 If my money be lost there is nought worth my care,
 If I starve not for want, I shall die of despair;
 My grievance is real sir, however you state it,
 I always lov'd money, and never can hate it.
 It is easy to talk when the pocket's well lin'd,
 Of the blessings of want, and content of the mind;
 Not all your fine speeches, good 'squire, let me tell
 ye,

Can still my poor heart, that thick bumps in my
 belly.

My loss with distraction invades all my brain,
 And nought but my money can cure me again;
 In vain you advise to be patient and humble,
 Deny not the poor satisfaction to grumble.

Very well, said the 'squire, and what must I do,
 Can I make from that roof your cash tumble thro'?
 You think I'm a saint, or monstrously evil,
 Do you think I'm a god, or I deal with the devil?

I'm no fool, answer'd Roger, tho' many's much
 wiser;

Good sir be not angry, my wife was th' adviser,
 And, out of her great stock of wisdom, desir'd me
 To crave help of you, and with good hopes in-
 spir'd me;

That

That your honour where wander'd my money
might find,

And its sight once again make joyful my mind,
But if you can't help me, I'm in woful pickle;
He spoke, whilst his tears most copious did trickle.
Sarah seem'd as if fainting, the 'squire mourn'd
the case,

And, viewing poor Roger's most pitiful face:
Said, did none know of this but Peter and thee?
Quoth Roger, not one but wife, Peter, and me.

Well then, said the 'squire, observe what I say,
And let not a syllable vanish away:

In this purse is a hundred, which to thee I lend,
Which spread before Peter, and tell thy dear friend,
That thou hadst it at interest, and thinkest it safer
To put it i'th' hole, as the times do so waver;
Desire his assistance in two hours or more,
By the time thou hast weigh'd it, and counted it
o'er;

Look jovial, nor sign of distrust do thou show;
Be cautious and wary, th' event let me know.

He said, and dismiss'd 'em, they went back again,
And Roger, his wit all mustering amain,
(For with no great portion stern fate had endow'd
him,

But anxious to use well the little allow'd him)

Went

Went to Peter directly, the gold he threw down,
I've drawn in some money, he said, for th' times
frown;

If the rebels should come and knock out their brains
I ne'er should have seen it while England remains;
So I think it far safer i'th' hole to abide,
With the other all lovingly laid by its side;
But I'll take it and weigh it, be at no great distance,
Come thou in two hours, and let's have thy assist-
ance.

Now Peter his wonderful prudence applauded,
How will the ragg'd rascals (cry'd he) be defrauded
Of all their hopes promis'd; your cash snug in
ground,
Will, spite of their pilferings, sleep safe and sound.

Now Roger went homewards in strange per-
turbations,
Full well was his brain fill'd with deep cogitations,
His hopes now high soar, and now sink by reflection,
And all our poor Roger is one insurrection;
He took up his pipe beside him that lay,
Intensely he star'd, as he puff'd it away,
Ten millions of notions his cracking scull crowd,
And whiffs in large volumes form round in a cloud;
In rueful sublimity Roger stiff sate,
For now to a crisis approached his fate.

With

With demeanor came Peter th' occasion befitting,
High thron'd on each feature hypocrisy sitting;
O could I describe how they march'd to their station,
And paint noble Roger's each strong palpitation;
How he thought, as he stopped, his hopes he was
reaping,

And, with every finger attentively scraping,
Laborious he digg'd out the dirt and the trash,
And with transport ineffable finger'd his cash;
He cry'd out in extacy, well done for ever;
Come, come, cry'd out Peter, let's lay 'em together;
Perhaps, cry'd bold Roger, some person may hear us,
Not a soul, reply'd Peter, dear Roger is near us;
Yon sound, Roger said, is as little stones hurling,
'Tis the river, quoth Peter, so prettily purling;
What a buz, Roger cry'd, still louder 'tis growing,
Quoth Peter, 'tis Zephyrus thro' the thorns blowing;
'Tis dark, reply'd Roger, hush, hush, what's that
clattering?

'Tis hailstones, said Peter, upon the roof pattering;
Nor riv'lets, quoth Roger, nor zephyrs that blow,
Nor hailstones, nor hairs of my head e'er shall know
Where my money I hide, nor thou my dear friend;
When I want thee, sweet Peter, I'll not fail to send,
Now Peter sneak'd off, Roger went to his wife,
And shew'd her the comfort and joy of his life,

He ran to the 'squire's, where he pranc'd and he
caper'd,
He sung and he laugh'd, and like maniac he va-
pour'd,
And down on his knees, with gratitude flowing,
Restor'd him his purse, and blessings bestowing;
And back to his wife, went enraptur'd with glee,
What man in the world was so happy as he?
And through his whole life he took care of his gold,
And grasp'd it till death made him let go his hold.

EPI.

EPITAPH

ON

GILES NORRIS,

LATE SEXTON OF B****N CHURCH-YARD.

HERE poor Norris lies, who once rose on fame's
pinion,

For o'er all this yard he extended dominion;

But he liv'd long enough to observe with much
trouble,

That all his preferment was nought but a bubble;

For being attach'd to a cup of good liquor,

He lost his good place, for he vex'd the good vicar;

And strange to relate to the lascivious rout,

That drink themselves in,—that he drunk himself
out;

But death, for whom Norris had work'd for before,

Was kindly determin'd his place to restore,

In hopes that he never would quaff more October,

And maugre temptation perpetual be sober;

So, spite of the vicar, and all his proud train,

He's fix'd in the church-yard, and here will remain.

FABLES.

FABLES.

FABLE I.

WITH what dire fears mankind are curst,
Yet each believes his lot the worst ;
And, tho' no real ills molest,
Yet still, to sting the peaceful breast,
The vigorous fancy eager goes
To find imaginary woes :
Amidst his wealth, the fear of want
The miser's sordid soul doth haunt ;
Nor hills of cash remove, we find,
Th' eternal poverty of mind ;
But noble's he, whose mind sedate,
Nor fears depress, nor hopes elate ;
Secure in virtue tow'rs on high,
Regardless of the storms that fly.
So Atlas stands, and lifts his head,
Nor heeds the tempests round him spread ;
Down in a torrent pours the rain,
Rolls down his sides, and drowns the plain :
He all the blustering roar defies,
Sublimely tow'ring 'midst the skies.

In a thick wood, a safe retreat,
A company of hares were met,
At once the howling tempest rose,
And fiercely thro' the forest blows;
Th' affrighted hares tumultuous fly,
Tho' swift, yet still their fears are nigh;
As rushing to'ards a fen they go,
Swift plunge the fearful frogs below:
Then thus an old experienc'd hare,
Ah! how contemptible is fear;
E'en we that fled at blast of wind,
Can yet a race more timorous find;
E'en we, a term for fear below,
To frogs a formidable foe:
Then let us drive away despair,
Learn what we can't prevent to bear.

FABLE II.

AN upright judge, and honest lawyer stand
Both truly great, the guardians of the land,
But, just so much as these deserve applause,
Those merit hatred who pervert the laws;
How mean the action, and how base the mind,
That riots on the ruin of mankind;
Did they but know th' advantages that lie
In open conduct, plain sincerity,
Faithful they would discharge their weighty trust,
And even out of roguery be just;
Some think that knaves and fools close kindred
have,

But many a living fool is not a knave;
But if as judge appears the harmless thing,
Who dares dispute the prescience of the king?
'Tis true a king may dignify a fool,
But yet with tyrants 'tis no general rule,
For oft they think, as sage historians tell,
A knave may sometimes suit the case as well.
How all combine to tear away the fame,
And fix an odium upon Jefferies' name;
But let the zealots have a little grace,
Nor think him fool, for Jefferies was no ass:

For

For he in human nature most profound,
 Could find the right, and punish it when found;
 What virtuous man durst e'er presume look big,
 Before his frowning brow and gravity of wig?
 How dilatory move the tardy laws,
 The proofs tho' clear, they yet suspend the cause;
 The sturdy claimants seldom understand
 The long delay, or see the lessening land;
 Till at the last the case is clearly shown,
 The cause concluded, and th' estate is flown.

A general peace amongst the beasts did reign,
 The wolf and dog walk'd friendly o'er the plain
 Discourfing sweet; the dog before him sees
 A lump of most delicious dainty cheefe,
 And cries aloud, see brother what a prize,
 Quick at the word enamour'd Ifgrim flies,
 And feizes on it straight; hold, brother, stay,
 Rejoin'd the dog, nor dare to take my prey,
 'Tis mine, I saw it first, indeed good brother;
 The cheefe to me belongs, and to no other,
 Replied the wolf, but, if not satisfied,
 Pray let our claim by other beasts be try'd.

The dog agreed, and now in council sat,
 The fox as judge, the ape, and grave look'd cat,
 With look demure, on bench of justice squat;

The judge and council deeply search'd the law,
For case in point, or precedent to draw;
At last, you both have equal claim they said,
Bring here the scales, whilst the division's made;
The judge in scales the parted cheese now tries,
Impartial justice shall be done, he cries,
No quibbling arts our caution shall escape,
This part is heavier, bite most learned ape;
For not a grain shall this have more than that,
This scale preponderates, bite good lawyer cat;
Not even yet! I'll bite myself, quoth he,
He did; and thus the cause went gloriously,
Till reverend judge and learned lawyers' fees,
Had swallowed every particle of cheese;
When Reynard rises to pronounce the law,
With solemn phiz, and gravely waving paw;
And hems, and in a speech of wise import,
The cause concluded, and dismiss'd the court,
The dog and wolf their curious skill admir'd,
With empty bellies both abash'd retir'd,

FABLE III.

How some for gain will stretch their wit,
Yet often is the biter bit :
By flattery some their friends undoing,
Yet what they gain oft proves their ruin ;
The wittiest rogue that ever scamper'd,
In his own nets is sometimes hamper'd.
Yet tho' the hero's oft obscure,
Unknown, unnotic'd, ragg'd; and poor,
He still unweary'd plans and schemes,
And executes his noble aims,
Which at the last to fame doth bring,
And gives the honourable swing.

A butcher's shop was fill'd with rats,
Which bade defiance to all cats,
With cruel fangs they tore his meat,
And spoil'd whate'er they could not eat;
The butcher mad and furious grown,
To see 'em use it as their own,
And view their pleasure his undoing,
Resolv'd to work their utter ruin ;
With poison rubb'd a piece of meat,
And left it for the rats to eat.

Impell'd by hungry craving maw,
In at the window flew a daw;
The meat well season'd greets her eyes,
Away she bore the precious prize,
And perch'd aloft elate with joy;
A fox by chance was passing by,
With strong desire he view'd the meat,
And thus with hypocritic prate:
O madam daw, of birds the queen,
Amongst 'em all still loveliest seen;
Thy charms can never be exprest,
Thy well turn'd beak, thy glossy breast;
Aloft in air as thou dost spring,
And cut the sky with jetty wing,
The birds below behold thy flight,
And pine with envy at the sight;
Sure such a wondrous charming creature,
Deck'd and adorned thus by nature,
Must with a charming voice be grac'd,
To fill with transport every breast;
Ah! let me hear the dulcet sound,
Ah! pour th' harmonious notes around.

The simple daw, with flattery proud,
Op'd wide her beak, and caw'd aloud;
Down dropt the meat, which Reynard seiz'd,
Without the song he went well pleas'd,

And

And quick the dainty morsel ate;
But soon he felt th' unwholesome meat,
Cause in his bowels great confusion,
And make a sudden revolution:
Stretch'd in the pangs of death he lay,
And, just expiring, thus did say:
I might have gotten wholesome food
Had I th' industrious life pursued,
I am indeed completely bit,
I fall a martyr to my wit.
He spoke, the poison foam'd around,
And his limbs stiffen'd on the ground.

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